

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 14, 1982 \$1.50

SPECIAL REPORT

Cocaine arrived in my life with my first-round draft into the National Football League in 1974. It has dominated my life, one way or another, almost every minute since. Eventually, it took control and almost killed me. It may yet. Cocaine can be found in quantity throughout the NFL. It's pushed on players, often from the edge of the practice field. Sometimes it's pushed by players. Prominent players. Just as it controlled me, it now controls and corrupts the game, because so many players are on it. To ignore this fact is to be short-sighted and stupid. To turn away from it the way the NFL does -- the way the NFL turned its back on me when I cried for help two years ago -- is a crime...

continued on page 66





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Dr. F. Porsche
Stuttgart

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



RON BEUZENBURG, SI'S VIGILANT NEW COLOR GUARD

On most Sunday nights in Carlstadt, N.J., Ron Beuzenburg directs six strippers, three dot etchers, one or two Cromalin makers and a couple of scanner operators. No, he doesn't run the North Jersey branch of the Star Wars cantina. He's responsible for the quality of SI's four-color illustrations, and what he does, with help from the aforementioned photoengraving staff at G.S. Lithographers, is attempt to produce sharp, bright, even color in our pictures and artwork. "Ron tries to bring a color consistency to transparencies of disparate quality," says Deputy Art Director Richard Warner. "For example, he can instruct the engraver to add more natural skin tones to a pale figure like Larry Bird so that he won't look like a ghost, or conversely, lighten and bring out highlights in a dark transparency. Ron also makes type within a photograph, such as a cover billing, more legible, by lightening or darkening the area around the letters."

"You're not putting anything in the picture that's not already there," says Beuzenburg. "You're just making it easier for the reader to see a puck going into the net or the detail of someone's face."

Beuzenburg, 32, a 1973 graduate of the Rochester Institute of Technology, began working with SI in January after five years in a similar position with

Reader's Digest. "He's essentially a liaison between the editorial side and the engravers," says Warner. "He understands what we want and what they can and cannot do. His advice is invaluable."

"I love the challenge of closing so many color pages so fast," says Beuzenburg. "At the Digest we had weeks to do what we accomplish here in hours." On Sunday, when most of the magazine's stories close, he takes a cab from our New York offices to nearby Carlstadt and works through the night supervising the four-stage photoengraving process, which, in essence, consists of converting a slide, drawing or painting into a pattern of yellow, red, blue and black dots. In stage one, either cameras or laser scanners generate four sheets of film—each showing the dot pattern of one color—from the original slide or artwork. Dot etchers then increase or reduce the size of the dots. Next, the four sheets of film, through exposure and development, are combined into a laminated, plastic-like Cromalin, or proof, of the picture; if the colors meet Beuzenburg's approval, strippers finish the process by combining four-color film with type film for the printers.

Beuzenburg's most difficult task involved last week's issue. Managing Editor Gil Rogin was displeased with the first Cromalin of Bart Forbes's cover painting of Larry Holmes and Gerry Cooney. "Cooney, a white guy, was almost as dark as Holmes, a black," says Rogin. Beuzenburg, who hadn't been involved in making the Cromalin, immediately took it to Carlstadt and spent the next 10 hours working on revisions until he had a version faithful to Forbes's original. As he told one of the weary dot etchers, "I want the reds redder and the whites whiter. I'm sorry it's more work, but it has got to be right."

Philip D. Howard



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by FRANZ LIOZ

HANK GREENBERG DIDN'T HAVE A LAST SHOT IN THE DARK AT RUTH'S RECORD

In 1938, when Hank Greenberg hit his 58th home run, his mother was so excited she promised to make him 61 baseball-shaped gefilte fish portions if he broke Babe Ruth's record, set in 1927. There were five games left in the Tigers' season, but Hammerin' Hank never got the gefilte fish. He didn't hit another homer that year. Now he's 71 years old and lives in Beverly Hills, and his biggest game is the stock market. But those five days in 1938 are as vivid as any in his life.

Greenberg's assault on Ruth's record began in earnest just after the All-Star break. He refused to play in that game, although he'd been selected, because the year before he'd traveled all night on a train from Detroit to Washington for the All-Star Game and ended up sitting it out on the bench autographing baseballs. American League Manager Joe McCarthy of the Yankees played only his own first baseman, Lou Gehrig. So Greenberg spent the three-day '38 break working on his hitting with semi-pro pitchers. "I paid them 10, 20 bucks to pitch all day to me," he says.

Greenberg's hitting picked up right away. He hit four consecutive homers on July 26 and 27 against the Senators, giving him 33. "I read in the papers that I was ahead of Ruth," he says. "From then on I just aimed for the fences."

Greenberg worried about fading. "In '35 I had 30 on August 3, but got only six more the rest of the year," he says. Ruth's tremendous 17-homer September in his record season loomed formidably before his challenger. Greenberg came into September with 46 in '38, needing a very tough 14 to tie.

He hit his 55th and 56th on Sept. 23 off Cleveland's Earl Whitehill, who also had given up a homer to Ruth in 1927. His 57th, three games later, was his only inside-the-park home run. It had looked like a routine single until it bounded away from Browns centerfielder Mel Almada in Briggs Stadium. Greenberg hesitated as he rounded third. The shortest

rified in the relay. Greenberg and the ball arrived at the plate together, and the umpire called him safe. Many people thought Greenberg was out, including Hank himself. "The ump might have gotten a little carried away with all the excitement," he says now. His next time up, he hit a bona fide homer, the ball going over the centerfield fence.

In the fifth game before the season's end, Greenberg didn't get a hit; indeed, he got precious few pitches he could swing at. In the sixth inning he walked on four pitches; after the fourth, he remained at the plate hoping the ump would reconsider. "It was one of the few times that a batter would have welcomed a mistake by the umpire," said *The Detroit News*. "The mistake did not develop." By the eighth, Greenberg was swinging at anything. He lofted a ball to the leftfield roof, but it was foul by 10 feet. He eventually struck out.

In the next game the Browns' Bobo Newsum held Greenberg to a single. But Hank thought he was in good shape for the year's final three-game series in Cleveland. The Indians played all but their Sunday, night and holiday games in tiny League Park, which had a 290-foot rightfield porch. Greenberg, a right-handed pull-hitter, figured he'd have no trouble poking a couple to the opposite field because everyone was pitching him outside. But Cleveland decided to exploit Greenberg's run at the record, and rescheduled a Friday game to make it part of a Sunday doubleheader in vast Municipal Stadium, taking away his advantage.

He went hitless in League Park on Saturday, but still could surpass Ruth. He'd hit two homers in a game 11 times that year, still a record. In the first game on Sunday Greenberg ran into another record-chaser, 19-year-old Bob Feller and his fastball. Feller struck out 18 for a major league mark. Greenberg did double off the fence 450 feet out in left center, a homer almost anywhere else.

The long shadows of autumn were closing in when Greenberg came to bat in the final game on Sunday. He hit three singles, and then time ran out. The game was called because of darkness after the seventh. "I'm sorry, Hank, this is as far as I can go," said Umpire Cal Hubbard. "That's all right," replied Greenberg. "This is as far as I can go, too!"

Now Greenberg says, "It's just as well. There was no way I could have eaten all that gefilte fish."

END



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BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

TWO APPROACHES TO CONTROVERSIAL YANKEE BOSS GEORGE STEINBRENNER

Two books about George Steinbrenner, the principal owner (a designation he insists on) of the New York Yankees, have been published this spring. They are Steinbrenner! by Dick Schaap (G.P. Putnam's Sons, \$14.95) and Steinbrenner's Yankees by Ed Linn (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$14.95). I would tell you not to waste 5¢ or five minutes on either of them, except for the embarrassing fact that I found them fascinating. Like it or not, there is always something irresistibly intriguing in the story of a really rotten guy. Nice guys make good friends, bad guys make good copy—a fact, by the way, that Steinbrenner thoroughly understands and exploits. He's the only team owner who consistently steals the headlines from his players, even when his players are winning the World Series.

Unless you're a Steinbrenner scholar, you won't want to read both books, and I can't really recommend one over the other. Both Schaap and Linn are veteran reporters with excellent credentials.

There are differences, however. The Schaap book is a true biography, with far more material about George's youth. From Schaap we learn that George had a stern and demanding father who was apparently incapable of expressing affection, that he ran his own business at age nine, selling eggs door to door, and that he was a versatile athlete at Culver Military Academy, in Indiana. At Williams College, Steinbrenner was a first-class hurdler and captain of the track team. He was also president of the glee club, in which, he says, he stood behind Stephen Sondheim, the gifted composer. "I could sing better than he could," says George. (Sondheim doesn't dispute this claim but does point out that he never belonged to the glee club.)

Schaap's book is lighter in tone and style, a sportswriter's book that almost reads as though he had fun writing it. If you want agonizing detail about Steinbrenner's baseball scrapes, though, you'll prefer Linn. His literary models are

Woodward and Bernstein, and the result of his documentation is an ugly portrait of Steinbrenner. But George won't resign and isn't subject to impeachment.

Evidence of Steinbrenner's obnoxiousness permeates these books. His abuse of office workers (who don't have contracts). His vile treatment of decent men. His boorishness. His duplicity.

After the fourth game of the Yankees' divisional playoff against Milwaukee last fall, Steinbrenner directed a shouted criticism at Rick Cerone, the New York catcher. Cerone replied with the most common two-word obscenity in the English language. The p.o. made some additional comments. Cerone repeated his catchy request.

Then Steinbrenner sent Cerone a note in which he piously forgave the catcher for his "vulgarity." A generous gesture, because Steinbrenner deplores vulgarity as he does beards, long hair and sloppy dress among his players; he feels they're alien to the Yankee tradition.

Now go back one year to the league championship series against Kansas City, second game, ninth inning. Mike Ferraro, the Yankees' third-base coach, waves Willie Randolph home with what would be the tying run, but Randolph is called out at the plate. George is unhappy. According to Linn, George spots Ferraro's wife, goes to her and screams in her face, "Your husband really f----- this game up for us today!", using the same verb in public that he will later find vulgar when Cerone uses it in the locker room.

I think these two incidents best exemplify what I see as Steinbrenner's hypocrisy, arrogance and cruelty. But he is, I must grudgingly add, successful. The Yankees have won and prospered since he took over the club nine years ago.

There is a widespread belief, probably false, that no one is all bad, so biographers of villains tend to include a few favorable anecdotes to prove their evenhandedness. Steinbrenner sent poor boys to college and paid for a young girl's desperately needed operation. These things take money and that, at least, George has. But there always seems to be a dollar figure attached to his good works.

Steinbrenner has proved that you can buy social acceptance. If he weren't rich and powerful, who would even hang around with him? Well, some people would, because he can be charming. But that may be a characteristic of all interesting villains.

END



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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A SECOND CHANCE FOR THE CAVES?

When the NBA board of governors meets in Coronado, Calif. later this month, it will consider a proposal for a split-season playoff format similar to the one that baseball wound up with in its strike-marred 1981 season. The split season's chief proponent, Detroit Pistons General Manager Jack McCloskey, views the scheme as a way of infusing the NBA with the extra shot of excitement it so obviously needs. The league's attendance and television ratings have been sluggish, its 82-game regular season seems to drag on interminably and the disparity between have and have-not teams has helped put a number of franchises in deep financial trouble.

Under McCloskey's proposal, the NBA season would be divided into two 41-game halves broken by the All-Star Game. As at present, 12 of the 23 NBA teams, six from each of the two conferences, would qualify for the playoffs. Divisional winners in each half would automatically receive playoff berths, with byes going to teams that win both halves or, in the case of different divisional winners, have the best records for a half season. The remaining playoff spots would be filled by teams with the best records in either half season.

Had McCloskey's proposal been in effect this season, there would have been no change in the 12 playoff qualifiers. "Nine out of 10 times you'd get the same teams under either format," McCloskey concedes. "The teams that will most likely win both halves—the Boston and Philadelphia—will be there year after year. But the plan would create a stimulus for the have-nots. Several teams are completely out of the playoff picture after 20 or 25 games. This would give new life to teams that are young or that suffer injuries early in the season."

There's already a lively debate over the concept of an NBA split season. Joe Axelson, vice-president for NBA operations, who on July 1 will become the Kansas City Kings' general manager, calls it "an interesting idea." Washington General Manager Bob Ferry feels it would only create confusion. Others complain that a split season has minor

league connotations; Celtic G.M. Red Auerbach calls it "stupid and bush." A more specific objection is that the possibility of earning a playoff bye by winning both halves might not provide sufficient incentive for a first-half winner to try its utmost during the season's second half. In baseball's split season, some of the first-half winners, having already sewed up playoff berths, practically sleepwalked through the second season. Partly for that reason, fans had trouble taking the split-season races seriously, and attendance and TV ratings suffered.

Baseball fans, of course, traditionally tend to resist gimmicks that dilute regular-season races. In contrast, the NBA has taken a more-the-merrier approach to playoffs, from which relatively few teams are eliminated during the regular season. But that's exactly why a split season in the NBA may be superfluous. This season Atlanta, Washington and New Jersey all struggled early because of injuries or inexperience, but all rallied to earn playoff berths, with so many berths available, no second season was necessary to qualify them for postseason play. Only five clubs—Kansas City, Utah, Dallas, Cleveland and San Diego—were drummed out of playoff contention early. The real issue is whether teams as poorly run as San Diego and Cleveland deserve the chance of a second season. Those feckless franchises must be overhauled if the NBA hopes to correct the competitive imbalance that's at the root of most of the league's ills. Adopting a split season would treat a symptom of those ills, not the causes.

CLAIM TO FAME

The book section of the May 23 *Los Angeles Times* contained a review by Robert Davidoff, who, according to a credit line, "teaches history at the Claremont Graduate School." Another contributor to the section, Edward Condren, was identified as "a member of the English Department at UCLA." Somewhat less conventional were the credentials of one Chris Wall, who reviewed—and panned—a Macmillan-published book by Harvey Frommer, *Rickey and Robin-*

son: *The Men Who Broke Baseball's Color Barrier*. The credit line on Wall's review identified him as a former Northwestern basketball player who "once fouled Magic Johnson."

SLIDING INTO THE POT ROAST

A commercial now being aired in Baltimore features Oriole Third Base Coach Cal Ripken Sr. at the family dinner table with Cal Ripken Jr., the Birds' third baseman. As sometimes happens during Oriole games, the elder Ripken is busily flashing signs to his son. When the father,



after touching his cap, rubbing his chest and so on, asks if the son recalls the meaning of that sequence of gestures, the latter replies, "Sure, that's the sign for 'Pass the peas.'"

Cal Sr. presses on. "Remember this one?" he asks, wigwagging another sign.

"Sure, that's 'Pass the pot roast, but hold the gravy,'" says Cal Jr.

"And do you remember the sign for 'Drink your milk, Cal?'"

When the son appears puzzled, the father shouts, "It's 'Drink your milk, Cal!'"

The commercial is for the Mid-Atlantic Milk Marketing Agency.

HE WAS PERFECT-PLUS

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David Douglas/Quanta



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SCORECARD *continued*

the previous NHL records by 16, 11 and 48, respectively, the Edmonton Oiler star was honored last week as hockey's recipient of the Seagram's Seven Crowns of Sports award, which is conferred annually on 11 professional athletes in seven sports who achieve the highest "productive efficiency ratings" for their specialties. The PER, as it's called, is based on a theoretical maximum rating of 100. Several other athletes in the eight-year history of the award scored in the mid-90s, but a rating of more than 100 was, by definition, considered unattainable. Gretzky's figure was 104.16.

We find the idea of a performance that exceeds a "maximum" both statistically and semantically baffling. Nevertheless, we can't help being intrigued by a couple of other calculations offered up by the Elias Sports Bureau, which administers Seagram's ratings. Elias reckons that Gretzky's 92 goals were the equivalent of an 85-home-run season by a major league baseball player and that his 120 assists would translate into 220 runs batted in. As for Gretzky's 212 points, Elias says those were the equivalent of 3,000 yards rushing in a single season by an NFL running back or 50 touchdown passes by an NFL quarterback.

INFORMATION GAP

The Dallas Cowboys have been trying hard to justify a decision they made last season to withhold the news from Place-kicker Rafael Septien that he had suffered a hernia. Team doctors discovered the hernia while treating Septien for a pulled groin muscle, but Coach Tom Landry and other club officials say they chose not to tell him about the condition right away because the doctors assured them that Septien wouldn't aggravate the hernia further by kicking. The decision to keep Septien in the dark might also have had something to do with the fact that he was "in a nice groove," as another Cowboy functionary, kicking consultant Ben Agajanian, put it. "I knew that if he would take it slow, everything would be O.K.," says Agajanian. "And I just felt that it would be for the good of the club and for the good of Rafael if he continued to kick." And so, Septien kicked. He wasn't told he had a hernia until the season ended. He underwent corrective surgery in April.

The team doctors, Marvin Knight and Pat Evans, decline comment on the Cow-

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boys' failure to inform Septien about the hernia, and it appears that they won't have to answer further for their handling of the case. That's because Septien, who's still employed by the club, isn't making too much of a fuss. He says, "As it turns out, everything is O.K." But Septien also says, "I feel this way: As a person, I had a right to know. What if something really bad had happened to me? I should have been better informed."

Septien did indeed have a right to know. Dr. William Clancy, head of the University of Wisconsin's sports medicine department, says that it's unethical for team doctors to fail to keep a player apprised of his medical condition. "I don't care who pays the bill," Clancy says. "If you're taking care of a player, he's your patient, and your responsibility is to him first." Clancy's view is borne out by the American Medical Association, which holds that doctors have a duty to keep patients fully informed "even though the physician is paid by the employer." That last phrase comes from Section 5-08 of the AMA's Principles of Medical Ethics—in case the Cowboys and their doctors care to take note.

THE FIRST CASUALTIES

With a possible strike looming in the NFL, there has been little progress toward a new collective bargaining agreement between management and the NFL Players Association to replace the one that expires on July 15. A paradoxical and seemingly positive effect of the stalemate, however, is that NFL clubs and agents may have less difficulty reaching agreement on individual contracts covering free-agent veterans and rookies. In past years, such negotiations have sometimes dragged on well into July and beyond, but fewer stragglers are expected this year. For example, things are moving along nicely with first-round draft choices, at least seven of them have already signed and several others are reportedly close to doing so.

The early signings may not be an accident. Federal labor law gives unions the exclusive right to negotiate wages for their members, but under its collective bargaining agreement with the league, the NFLPA waived that right, freeing players to negotiate salaries on an individual basis. Nobody seems to know for sure what will happen if no new collective bargaining agreement is reached by

July 15, but the best guess is that unless that waiver is extended, the right will revert to the union. In that case, individual negotiations between players and their teams presumably would no longer be allowed. And as matters now stand, neither the league nor the NFLPA appears interested in an extension.

The NFLPA's position on that score is understandable. The union's executive director, Ed Garvey, welcomes any chance to clip the wings of agents, with whom he has had his share of difficulty; gaining sole power to conduct salary negotiations for unsigned players would be just such an opportunity. In fact, Garvey's distrust of agents is an element in his union's demand that player salaries, now negotiated individually, be tied to a fixed percentage of NFL owners' gross revenues. The NFL, of course, has its own reasons for trying to outflank player agents. By appearing ready to let negotiating rights revert to the NFLPA, NFL clubs are putting the squeeze on agents, who can't help being nervous about the prospect of losing their ability to negotiate for players—and, not incidentally, their commissions. This may be why some players—or their agents—appear ready to come quickly to terms. There is speculation that some players may also wind up settling for less money than they ordinarily would, especially considering the riches the clubs will get under the new network TV contract. If that happens, those players will have come up losers no matter what else happens during the course of this year's NFL labor-management showdown.

TRIUMPH OF BRAIN AND BRAWN

Congratulations are in order to the University of North Carolina, which won four national championships during the 1981-82 school year. Tar Heel teams beat Georgetown 63-62 for the NCAA championship in basketball, Johns Hopkins 7-5 for a second straight national title in lacrosse and Central Florida 1-0 to win the AAJW soccer championship. Even more impressive was UNC's 285-190 victory over Rice in the finals in New York City of the College Bowl, a national intercollegiate quiz competition descended from the radio and TV show of that name in the '50s and '60s. After all, in order to win that one, the four members of the Tar Heel team had to prove themselves wiser than Owls.

SHOUT NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL

Rosalie Loeding, an associate professor at Illinois Benedictine College, a school located 35 miles southwest of Chicago, warns that cheerleading can be dangerous to one's health, or at least to one's vocal chords. "What [cheerleaders] are doing is screaming constantly the whole time, shrieking when somebody makes a touchdown or a basket," she recently told the Chicago Sun-Times. "Nobody can scream for three or four hours without doing a lot of damage." Loeding suggested that cheerleaders try to rely less on their voices in generating crowd excitement and more on horns, whistles, rattles, cowbells and other noisemakers. Loeding is a voice teacher and vocal therapist. It goes without saying that she's not an ear doctor.

THEY SAID IT

- Pat Haden, who retired last week as the Los Angeles Rams quarterback, explaining how off-season knee surgery contributed to that decision: "When I woke up and looked down at my knee, I thought, 'My God, what's that?'"
- Ralph Perretta, former San Diego Chargers center, predicting failure for the upstart United States Football League, which plans a season running from March through June: "All the football players I know are playing golf during those months."
- Thomas Wilson, a spokesman for Interior Secretary James G. Watt, explaining why his boss had the department's official seal redesigned so that an American buffalo, which had been depicted looking to the left, now faces the other way: "He thought that the right side should have equal time."
- Jay D. Hair, executive director of the National Wildlife Federation, bestowing his blessing on the aforementioned design change: "The fact that he didn't replace the buffalo with a bulldozer indicated that at long last James Watt may be moderating his views toward wildlife."
- Bianca Jagger, discounting the importance of sex: "Unless there's some emotional tie, I'd rather play tennis."
- John Sterling, Atlanta Hawks TV announcer, after Referee Joe Crawford called a technical foul on Hawk Coach Kevin Loughery for a relatively mild protest of a call: "Joe Crawford must be the most sensitive person since Elizabeth Barrett Browning."



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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 14, 1982

An Astonishing Net Result

With his string of stunning upsets, Swedish prodigy Mats Wilander won the French Open in Borglike style
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

CONTINUED

The name is Mats Wilander. Mats as in mats. Wilander (vee-land-der) as in *déjà vu*. Because if that wasn't Bjorn Borg all over again in Paris last week, slashing topspin winners from deep in the corners of Roland Garros Stadium, keeping ice cool in the 95° heat and simply reeking of honor and glory and star-

years Sweden to produce an Einstein?"

Though the unseeded Wilander entered the tournament as the 18th-ranked player in the world, he was known more for squaring the fabulous Annette Hjort Olsen, also 17, around the circuit—they have been traveling together for two years: Oh you kids—than for his tennis.

But after he had upset Ivan Lendl, Vitas Gerulaitis and Jose-Luis Clerc, seeded two, five and four, respectively, to reach the final, it was easy to spot him. Annette had returned to the Kateral School in Vaxjo ("She isn't interested in all this," Wilander said), but Wilander was hardly alone. He was being trailed by thousands of writers and photographers and just plain admirers everywhere he went.

Playing against fate, history and the beginnings of a legend, Vilas, the No. 3 seed who very quietly has won five tournaments this year, didn't stand a chance in the title match even after crushing Wilander in the opening set. "I thought that is what the whole match was going to be like—6-1, 6-1, 6-1," said Wilander. What the match turned out to be was a tedious show of grueling, interminable rallies. One point went on for 90 shots. Tennis to be respected, someone said, rather than enjoyed.

In the second set Wilander began forcing the play, and by the tiebreaker Vilas felt he had to take the net at every opportunity. To his shock Vilas, long noted for his fitness, also discovered that this slender, rawboned kid was "stronger, yes, physically, than me. His ball is very slow, taking a long time to come down. I could never deal with it."

After Vilas knocked off a fine leaping overhead to reach set point at 6-5 in the tiebreaker, he gambled once too often, jumping on Wilander's second serve and sending the return a foot deep. On the next two points a shaky Vilas popped up a volley, off which Wilander scored with



... Gerulaitis, who was seeded fifth ...



Wilander's victims included Lendl, seeded second ...

dom, there's no midnight sun in Sweden.

In 1974 Borg won the *Championnats Internationaux de France* 10 days after turning 18. Last Sunday, when Wilander defeated Guillermo Vilas 1-6, 7-6, 6-0, 6-4 to win the French Open, he beat Borg's record by 87 days. Afterward, everyone was wondering if it could possibly be true that just as Borg is showing signs of fading, another gifted blond teenager has been sent out from the homeland to spread the gospel according to placidity, sportsmanship and the two-handed backhand. Or as Ion Tiriac, Vilas' aide-de-camp, put it, "You expect every five

a lob, and dumped an overhead, normally his hole card, into the net. The tiebreaker was gone, 8-6, to Wilander.

The scoreboard mirrored what that sequence did to Vilas' confidence. As Wilander outstayed him from the baseline and rushed to a third-set shutout, Vilas was no longer flexing his considerable musculature like some walking advertisement for the Contin Barbarian Health Club. While he was throwing his body into every shot, Wilander was gliding. The kid was the fresher of the two.

In the fourth set Vilas' shots lacked length, and now it was Wilander who was coming to net. With a short volley he broke to go up 4-3. Ever the fighter, Vilas broke back at love, but in the next game Wilander wrong-footed Vilas with a backhand volley to break once more. Wilander then served out the match after four hours and 47 minutes.

"Borg was the first to do all this, and there's only one him," Vilas had said before the final. But as Wilander walked off the court after winning his first major championship, his ferret eyes hollow and somehow haunted by the incomprehension of what just had been and was yet to be, you could have sworn. . . .

Before Vilas, before Wilander, before Martina Navratilova buried forever her reputation of gagging on the grand occasions by sashaying through a women's draw that was the strongest in years, the



... Clerc, the tournament's No. 4 seed ...

French belonged to Lendl. Because of Borg's refusal to play qualifiers and John McEnroe's withdrawal because of a gimpy left ankle, Lendl became *l'homme* at Roland Garros, where he was odds-on to dominate the field much as he had dominated the sport the preceding eight months.

A special press conference was held for Lendl to showcase his reigns of dour wit. A Dutch p.r. agency offered 10,000 francs for the best photograph of him during the tournament. Lendl's Adidas signature haberdashery was everywhere, one day draped over the bodies of four players in three different matches on center court. If Lendl doesn't ever win a Grand Slam title, this display proved he would still leave a legacy as the courageous fellow who introduced the argyle tennis shirt to an astonished universe.

The man himself arrived in Paris having won 88 of 91 matches and 15 tournaments since the 1981 U.S. Open and having banked more than a million dollars in prize money this year. But Lendl's schedule during the previous month was hard-

ly conducive to sleep or sanity, much less geared toward winning a major championship. He played his way from Dallas to Madrid to New York to Tokyo to Wroclaw and Ewa Fibak's apartment, across the street from Roland Garros, where he presumably collapsed from jet lag or from the weight of his riches or both.

A more vexing problem was that most of Lendl's victories had come indoors, where he was accustomed to ending points decisively and early with his exploding slingshot forehand. But on the agonizingly slow bronze terrain of Paris, even the lowliest of European dirt-kickers could chase down the Lendl bullets, catch them in the teeth of their topspin and spit them back to prolong the rallies.

In the second round, Lendl was out of sorts and frustrated, embarrassed really, that his timing was so far off that he couldn't quickly do away with young Thierry Tulasne of France. Against Wilander in the fourth round, he found himself face to face with a genuine moving backboard who seemed unimpressed with all those argyles and dollar signs.

Jimmy Connors—you remember him?—later joked that he needed "a No-doz pill" to watch Lendl-Wilander, that Lendl "lumbered" around the court and showed no "forcefulness."

Yet Lendl easily could have won in straight sets. He defeated Wilander 6-4 in the first and 6-3 in the third and served for the second at 5-4, reaching 30-0. Two more points and Wilander surely would have been on his way back to Vaxjo. But Wilander stiffened and swept three games to save the set. Even after a bad call disallowed a Lendl ace at 3-4 in the fourth and he disgustingly whaled out at everything and threw away that set, not a soul in the stadium thought Lendl wouldn't turn on the juice and blow the kid away in the finale. Not even Wilander. "I thought Ivan would get his

confidence back in the fifth set," said Wilander, who had never in his life even played a fifth set.

But Lendl's confidence didn't return, primarily because his patience had long since gone the way of his rhythm. Lendl had a terrible case of what the French call in a marvelous phrase "*le petit*



... and the third seed, Vilas, who fell in the finals.

bras"—the short arm. In the first game he sprayed a couple of wild groundies, and his serve was broken. In the third game Lendl made two more mindless mistakes to lose serve again, airbrushing a drop shot that bounced short of the net and coming in behind a weak second serve that Wilander thrashed. Even after he had a 4-0 lead, Wilander took no chances; he ambled along the baseline and consistently outdueled Lendl from the deep sectors of the court. Following his 4-6, 7-5, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2 victory, Wilander was as succinct as could be. "I kept holding the ball on his backhand

continued

and he couldn't do anything," he said. And so it was that he not only snatched the tournament away from Lendl and everyone else: Win or lose, Wilander now was the tournament.

Any juvenile of Scandinavian origin who tousles his hair and hits a double-fisted backhand would be compared with Borg, of course. For some time before his victory in Paris, Wilander had been just one of a quartet of young players traveling under the tutelage of John Sjogren. Wilander was the one arm-in-arm with Annette. Anders Jarryd and Hans Simonsson, both 20, as well as Joachim Nystrom, 19, had had some good results, but since Wilander had won the French Juniors at Roland Garros last year, his nation's fondest hopes for an heir to the vacant throne—even Lendl speaks of the departed ruler in the past tense, e.g., "Bjorn was a great champion"—had been placed on Wilander.

His hometown, Vaxjo, is a city of 41,500 in the south of Sweden, the "wood district," where making furniture is a way of life. He's the youngest of three children, and last Saturday his father,

Ejrvär, a foreman in an air-conditioning factory, flew to Paris, air fare courtesy of the Vaxjo press. Earlier, after Mats had beaten Gerulaitis 6-3, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4 in the quarters, his two older brothers, Ingemar and Anders, had driven through the night from Sweden to see his semifinal match with Clerc.

In 1974 Borg won both Paris and Rome. This year Wilander nearly did the same. After reaching the quarters at Hamburg and Madrid and the finals at Brussels in recent months, three weeks ago he whiplashed some tough customers at the Italian Open, including Andres Gomez of Ecuador, whom Wilander led 7-5, 4-2 in the semis before falling into an exclusively defensive posture that cost him the match. Gomez went on to pummel Eliot Teltscher in the final.

Though Wilander's game is more versatile than Borg's was at the same stage—he can volley a little and feather a drop shot or two—his second serve is a lollipop, and except for his down-the-line backhand, he doesn't have the heavy ground game with which Borg punished opponents even as a lad. He does, howev-

er, have the master's icy imperturbability, his stoicism under pressure, his temperament. "Wilander's mind is a weapon," says Tiriac. "Let's put it this way: This is an old kid."

In the two weeks of Paris, the only time Wilander showed even a hint of ire was when the press mentioned how young he was and asked if he patterned his game after Borg's. "I am very soon 18," Wilander snapped. "I start with two-hand backhand even before Bjorn was getting famous."

During all the commotion over Lendl and then Wilander, Vilas' performance—be lost only 39 games in six matches to reach the finals—went virtually unnoticed. His inquisitors preferred, instead, to query him on other matters. Yes, he would fight in the Falklands, but he thought he was too old to be called up. No, he and his countryman, Clerc, were not friends, but they talk to one another civilly. Further upstaging Vilas was another Spanish-speaking romantic, the bearded Jose Higueras. Higueras had overcome many obstacles, including breaking his arm in a match at the French in 1974 and recently winning a two-year tiebreaker against hepatitis, to knock off the top American seeds, Teltscher (No. 6) and Connors (No. 1) with the loss of only six games in each match.

Alas, Vilas' 6-1, 6-3, 7-6 semifinal victory over Higueras, an exquisite demonstration of Vilas' power and consistency off the ground, was all too routine and happened to follow another Wilander surprise. This time the kid beat his opponent, Clerc, not once but twice. After breaking Clerc's first service game in each set, outstaying him in the clutch and winning all the long rallies, Wilander dramatized the afternoon and embellished his instant legend by requesting that Clerc be given two balls after Clerc protested an out call on match point. "The ball was good," Wilander said to the umpire. "I don't want to win this way. It's impossible for me." He won the replayed point and the match 7-5, 6-2, 1-6, 7-5. In *L'Equipe*, the French national sports daily, Denis LaLanne wrote, "What a joy to discover an angel under that impenetrable armor!"

Andreas Jaeger, the little churl with the curl, wasn't exactly angelic following her 7-6, 6-1 loss to Navratilova in the women's final. She accused the winner of breaking the rules by peering voice and

The pugnacious Jaeger, who was playing in her first Grand Slam final, raised a ruckus.





Navratilova, the champ, lifted her game.

hand signals from two buddies in the stands, Renee Richards and Nancy Lieberman. "Mentally-wise I'm stronger than Martina, and that's how you come back against her," said Jaeger, who squandered a set point at 6-5 in the first-set tiebreaker, to which she must have arrived by stealing the bunt sign. "But I can't keep concentration when it's three against one."

Jaeger and her father, Roland, a former boxer whom some people have accused of contributing a pugilistic aspect to his daughter's attitude, were wrong on two counts. Signals aren't against the rules, and even if they were, observers sitting nearby said neither Richards, who was silently taking notes, nor Lieberman, who was simply shouting encouragement like the basketball player she is, was giving any signals.

"Jesus Christ, I win this great title finally and I have to hear this," said an angry Navratilova, who had hit a brave backhand approach winner on Jaeger's set point and so deserved more than a crybaby's tantrum at the end. "Thank you, Andrea. I could decide in my sleep what to do against Jaeger. The players know I am as fair as they come. I'm also a good loser. If she can't be a gracious loser, that's tough. If she's getting this stuff from her father, Mr. Jaeger is a louse."

Actually, Navratilova, who now has won eight of nine tournaments, 42 of 43 matches and 85 of 96 sets this year in a rousing start toward the Grand Slam, might have thanked Jaeger for beating Chris Evert Lloyd 6-3, 6-1 in the semifinals. It was as desultory a clay-court performance as Evert Lloyd has ever been party to. Maybe she wanted to concentrate on rooting her husband, John, home in the mixed. (He reached the final with Wendy Turnbull.) Or perhaps, after so many years at the top, Evert Lloyd needs more than a steady diet of Palooka-ettes in preparation for her matches against the three or four women capable of win-

ning a major tournament. In one span against Jaeger, Evert Lloyd lost 30 of 39 points, 25 of them on unforced errors.

Meanwhile, Hana Mandlikova, the defending champion, gave less than her best in her semi against Navratilova, a match she lost 6-0, 6-2 in approximately 62 seconds. Mandlikova had defeated a rusty Tracy Austin 7-6, 6-7, 6-2 in an error-plagued quarterfinal match, and Mandlikova should have been primed for the defense. Instead, she nailed several balls into the back fences and then obviously quit. Afterward, Navratilova said of Mandlikova, "I wish she had tried harder." Tanks? Handitots?

In the men's final, Wilander gave a terrific interpretation of try. With all that his victory signified, it's most interesting influence may be on Borg, who ended a holiday in Greece early last weekend to fly back to Stockholm and watch Wilander in the French final on television. There's even talk Borg may join the Swedish Davis Cup team now that his country has a capable No. 2 man. No. 2? Well, maybe Borg and Wilander can play it off.

END

Evert Lloyd increased her number of losses on clay to four in 222 matches since 1973.



It Was Sensational And Sentimental



There were plenty of outstanding performers at the coed NCAAs, but lovers had the best times of all

by **KENNY MOORE**



Floyd won the 100 (top) and a relay; Walton, his fiancée, in a relay and the 800.

Del Davis, a junior majoring in mathematics at UCLA, watched in wonder last Friday afternoon as the high jump unfolded at the NCAA Track and Field Championships at BYU in Provo, Utah. Davis had drawn the 22nd spot in the field of 22 jumpers, all of whom had made the qualifying height of 7' 1½" two days earlier. He made 7' 2½" on his first try after passing the opening height. But 18 others cleared the height or passed. And now, even before his first attempt at 7' 3¾", 15 men had made that height. Davis' personal record was 7' 4". But he sensed that the coming hours were to be special. He went to UCLA Assistant Coach Bob Larsen, who works with the Brain jumpers.

"Can I pass?" Davis asked. He knew that even if he made it, the competition would be settled at a much greater height. It would be of no advantage then to have cleared 7' 3/4".

"But 7' 4" is as high as you've gone," said a dubious Larsen.

"Let me pass and I'll guarantee you 7' 5"," said Davis.

Larsen nodded, and Davis passed.

Across the field, Milt Ottey was startled. Ottey, a sophomore at Texas-El Paso, is a Jamaica-born Canadian from Toronto. Having finished second to Navy's Leo Williams in the last three NCAA high jumps, two indoors and one outdoors, he burned to win this one. "I thought that was crazy, passing at his lifetime best," he said. "Then I got scared because he made 7' 5" on his first jump."

But eight jumpers cleared 7' 5", including Ottey and Williams. The bar went to 7' 6". Ottey made it on his first try. So did Brent Harken of Washington State and Davis. Williams cleared on his second attempt. Jeff Woodard of Alabama on his third. Five men over 7' 6". In the 1980 Olympics, in which Gerd Wegsig of East Germany set the world record of 7' 8 3/4", the field had been pared to four at the same height.

The bar went to 7' 7 3/4", equal to Dwight Stones's American record. Ottey, who is only 5' 10", sailed cleanly over on his first try.

Williams' first jump was heartbreakingly close, his left calf brushing the bar off after he was over. "As high as the thing got," he said, "it didn't look any higher." Williams consulted with Navy Coach Al Cantello and then missed again, as did Harken and Woodard. "Lord, give 'em all credit," said Cantello. "They're giving the best they have." But one by one Williams, Harken and Woodard went out. If Davis missed once more, Ottey would win.

Davis ran at the bar. His approach is a seemingly gentle glide, which makes his final spring so astonishing. He cleared by an inch and a half, to pandemonium from the 2,000 fans who had stayed on, rapt in the golden mountain evening.

Davis bounded out of the pit and looked across at Ottey. The next height would be 7' 8", but as their eyes met, both jumpers knew they would pass. Ottey was ahead on fewer misses. If they cleared no more heights, he would win. That didn't matter to Davis because after

7' 8" the next height would be 7' 9 1/4", a world record. "I was amazed to be there," Davis would say. "I'd thought I'd be sitting back at the end of the day watching Milt try for the world record."

"You were," Ottey would reply. "And then I watched you."

There was a lengthy wait while the height was confirmed by a flock of officials. "They've got the whole Mormon Tabernacle Choir out there measuring it," growled Cantello, who knew the moment couldn't wait.

Finally everyone was ready. Ottey stood under the bar, and the crowd gasped, because the bar was an inch less than two feet over his head. He raised his arm as if to salute it. He couldn't have touched it without jumping. "It's sheer arrogance," whispered Cantello, "look-

ing at that height, to think anyone could make it."

Ottey stripped off his warmup jacket and ran to his mark. He had tried this height once before, in the Western Athletic Conference meet in May. "I was shaky there," he said afterward, "with tears in my eyes. Here I was calm." His first try had the height, but he came down on the bar.

Davis made his approach in perfect silence. He brushed the bar off with the small of his back. It was replaced. Now shadow covered the apron and pit, but the bar still shone in the last sunlight. Ottey surely jumped 7' 9" on his second try, but the bar was 1/4" higher and he took it down with his calves.

That was as close as either would come, the moment having faded with the

continued



Davis, who suspected he would watch Ottey (above) soar to new heights, unexpectedly turned the tables and gave Ottey a similar sight, with an American record of 7' 7 3/4".





A thankful Mack won the 800, though his 1:48 was surpassed in the consolation finals.

NCAA CHAMPIONSHIPS continued

setting sun. The two men sat together afterward and recalled their jumps and laughed in happy athletes' intimacy. "It hasn't sunk in yet," said Davis, of the fact that he was now the co-holder of the American record. "You sure can jump up here."

That was affirmed the next day when SMU's Keith Connor, who is British, leaped 57' 7½" in the triple jump, the second-farthest in history.

The foundation of these performances was the glorious Wasatch mountainside on which rests BYU and its brand-new track. At first glance, the track's color suggests a vivid pool. Indeed, until its white lines were added, several sea gulls, those cricket-eating birds so cherished in Utah history, tried to dive into its beyond-the-reef blue. "Too bright to call it Dodger blue," said Stanford Coach Brooks Johnson. "Too dark for UCLA blue. It must be Mormon blue."

As in, say, noses, BYU prohibits tobacco, alcohol and caffeine on its campus, as well as "interrisitation," which means not a religious seizure but men in women's dorms and the reverse. There is also a conservative dress code. The arrival of more than 700 athletes unstructured in these rules created some odd scenes. UCLA women's Assistant Coach Bob Kerssee was reduced to tossing pebbles at his athletes' windows to signal a team meeting. Last year's AIAW javelin champion, Sally Harmon of Oregon, heading for a swim in the recreation

pool, wearing a two-piece swimsuit with shorts over the bottom, was stopped by a lifeguard, a member of "the morality squad," as she later put it.

"He said, 'Don't you have a one-piece?'" I said. "No. He said, 'Is your bottom half fairly, uh, modest?'" I said, "Uh, it's kind of risqué, actually." He asked if he could look. I pulled my shorts down, and down, past the hipbone, which seemed to disturb him, and finally we came to this little string. I was so self-conscious by then that I offered to keep my shorts on. He said thanks. In fact, I wanted to wrap up in about five towels." Undaunted, Harmon threw a personal best of 186' 6", but finished third behind Karen Smith of Cal Poly at San Luis Obispo (206' 9") and Oregon teammate Lynda Hughes (191' 9").

In Provo the NCAA was trying a grand experiment: College women were in the meet for the first time, the NCAA having wooed and won them from the AIAW by sheer animal magnetism—that is, money. Few objected to that, but with the women adding 17 events to the program, something had to be done to streamline the meet.

The NCAA rules committee did two things. It threw out the traditional awarding of points to the first six finishers in each event and replaced it with a system giving points through 12 places. But scoring through 12 places is hard when most track races have but eight runners in the final. So the rules committee added consolation finals.

The aspect of the new format that

caused apoplexy among the coaches was how the finals, consolation and otherwise, were to be reached. There would be only one qualifying round in each race. Heat winners would advance to the championship race. Fair enough. But the other places in the real and consolation finals would be filled on the basis of times in the heats, as in collegiate swimming championships. "But in swimming the conditions are stable," said UCLA Coach Jim Bush. "On the track the wind shifts constantly." Thus when once consigned to the consolation final, the best an athlete could do was ninth place, even if he set a world record.

In March, at the NCAA indoor meet, the coaches voted 53-7 against this system. But come June and Provo, there it was. How could this be? "The rules committee," said Indiana Coach Sam Bell, his tone hitting a pH of about 3.5, "obviously isn't listening to the coaches."

The athletes did as they always do—they adapted—and the catthroat heats made for the most spectacular two days of qualifying in NCAA history. Meet or collegiate records were broken seven times. Mike Miller of Tennessee took 10 from Clancy Edwards' 200-meter meet mark with a 20.15. Nebraska's women's 4x100 relay team, anchored by Olympic bronze medalist Merlene Ottey of Jamaica (a third-cousin of Mihi's), broke Tennessee State's collegiate record by .01, with a 43.67. All this in the preliminaries.

Alas, as if to underline Bush's quills, a cold, wet storm front lashed Provo on

Connors' triple was the second-best ever.



Saturday. Five finals were won in slower times than the heats. Washington's Rob Webster won the consolation 800 in 1:47.21, for ninth place. David Mack of Oregon was the champion in 1:48.00. "Explain that to the people in Seattle," said Bush.

But the athletes had largely escaped the dangers of the format. The meet was more memorable for the number of sentimental occasions it produced. For example, the day after Mack's win, he watched his fiancée, Florence Griffith of UCLA, take on Merlene Ottey in the women's 200. Ottey, who had won the 100 in a windy 10.97, was off well and had a lead going into the stretch. "Then I just started going faster and faster," said Griffith.



Nyambui bowed out with two more titles.

She caught Ottey with 30 yards to go and won by .07, in 22.39. Her congratulatory hug was still going on in the meet's end.

Griffith's win clinched the women's team title for UCLA, which had been bolstered by 32 points from Jackie Joyner. She won the heptathlon with 6,099 points (becoming the second American over 6,000), was second in the long jump and ran on two third-place relay teams.

Improbably enough, Mack and Griffith were outscored by a second betrothed pair, Houston's Stanley Floyd and Tennessee's Delisa Walton. First they ran anchor legs on winning relay teams, Floyd helping Houston's 4x100 team to an NCAA record 38.53, and

Walton holding off Florida State's Marita Payne to win the 4x400 for Tennessee by a yard in 3:28.55, three seconds better than the collegiate record.

On Saturday, before the men's 100, Floyd was edgy. "I had the jitters," he said. "Delisa comforted me, settled me down." Floyd then ran away from Tennessee's Willie Gault and Miller to win in 10.03. The wind, which was rising, blew perpendicular to the track, so was measured below the legal limit. "It was a PR," said Floyd, "and I know I was lucky with the wind."

Delisa wasn't. Her individual event, the 800, was run in the worst of Saturday's storm. Her teammate, Joetta Clark, led for the first 500, with Walton on her shoulder and 1,500 winner and defending 800 champion Leann Warren of Oregon in fourth. "It rained and stormed so hard I started to stop," said Walton. "I couldn't even see." But off the last turn the wind was at her back and she put her quarter-mile's speed to work and won going away, in 2:05.22. Floyd found her in the press tent. "This will be one NCAA we'll always remember," he said. They will be married on June 26.

If the smooth course of romance wasn't to one's taste, this meet also offered fraternal love. Brothers had never won events in the same NCAA meet. (Although in 1944, Ross and Robert Hume of Michigan tied for first in the mile.) In Provo, Oregon's 6' 5", towheaded Dean Crouser, a junior, won the discus on Friday with a throw of 207' 5". The next morning he watched his 6' 2", blonder brother, Brian, an Oregon freshman, throw the javelin 274' 8" to win by 11 feet from Washington State's Laslo Babits. "You don't want to go setting barriers for yourself," said the precocious younger Crouser. "Other people do that enough for you." Then he sent Dean into the shotput. Illinois' Mike Lehmann led with a throw of 68' 4 1/2". Before his fifth throw, Crouser paced. "Your body is just your mind's instrument," he said later. His mind played his body just well enough, the shot throw landing at 68' 4 1/2". The family Crouser had its third title.

A concluding sentiment was provided by the grandest fixture that NCAA championships have ever known. On Friday, Tanzania's and UTEP's Suleiman Nyambui won the 10,000 from teammate and countryman Godamis Shahanga in



Harmon's suit proved unsuitable in Provo.

29:03.54. It was the fourth year in a row he won at that distance, giving him 14 NCAA titles in outdoor and indoor track and in cross-country. "I especially wanted to win the fourth 10,000," he said, "because the only other runner to win four [the late Steve Prefontaine of Oregon, who won the 5,000 from 1970 to '73] was a good friend. He taught me running in Europe in 1973 and had shoes sent to me in Tanzania. I carried him in my mind, a model for myself. He was a good guy, that man."

On Saturday Nyambui came back in the 5,000, ran in the wet 44' chill following the storm. It wasn't his weather. "It was terrible," he said. "The rain makes me stuff. I can't breathe right. It's like something is pressing in on my chest." He ran away from Washington State's Peter Koeh in the last 200 to win in 13:54.09 and was shivering violently almost before he began his 15th and last NCAA victory lap. "I'm proud of myself," he said. "For my own titles, yes, but I was thinking more about helping the team." This he did, his 15 points in the 5,000 boosting UTEP over Tennessee by 11, 105-94.

As Nyambui prepared to leave the track, the clouds lifted enough to allow a view of the new snow the storm had left on the mountains. He gazed as well at the streams of departing athletes and trainers and coaches. "It's so cold," he said, cheerfully. "It makes it easy to say that it's time for all of this to end." **END**



The Lakers Danced Up A Storm

L.A. reeled off two lopsided wins and held a 3-2 edge over the 76ers

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

It was a few minutes before the start of Game 3 of the NBA championship series last Tuesday between the Los Angeles Lakers and the Philadelphia 76ers, and as Earvin Johnson stood on the sidelines at the Forum, his eyes grew wider and wider. In his customary pregame slouch, Johnson looked like someone standing in the stag line at a school dance, but if he was trying to affect an air of utter calm, his eyes gave him away. The festivities hadn't begun, but in Magic's head the drums had already started to sound.

The Lakers jumped out to an early lead over the Sixers that night as Johnson and Jamaal Wilkes each scored nine points in the first quarter, and in Magic's brain the beat became more insistent and his eyes got wider still. Five times in the second period Los Angeles got the ball out on the fast break, and five times it scored, twice opening 20-point leads. Soon Johnson's eyes were as big as dent-tasse saucers.

"To me it's the greatest high in basketball," he said afterward. "There you are in the middle, getting ready to create something. It's like dancing to music, so to speak. It's like Freddy Astaire. And this team, oh my, this is a boogie-woogie team. We all have our own styles, but as a team we dance real well."

After having split the series' first two games in Philadelphia the week before,



McAdoo stayed out of arm's way and got 19 points in the Lakers' 111-101 Game 4 win.

the Lakers waltzed at the Forum in Games 3 (129-108) and 4 (111-101). With those victories L.A. stood one game away from the NBA championship and was 11-1 in the 1982 playoffs. A win in the next game would have given the Lakers the best postseason record ever. But on Sunday in Game 5, played before a frenzied Spectrum crowd in Philadelphia, the Sixers won decisively and kept alive their chances for their first league title in 15 years. The 76ers held a players-only meeting on Saturday morning that boded well for their stunning 135-102 win: Philadelphia is 3-0 this season in games that have followed such meetings. Just what exactly is it the Sixers do in there behind closed doors? Stick pins in dolls?

Until Game 5 the 76ers seemed to be shuffling through the series in three-quarter time, while the Lakers were doing their inimitable steps. The 76ers had already gotten a dance card full of L.A. fast breaks in Games 1 and 2, and at the Forum they got some more. The Lakers scored 16 points off the break in the first half of Game 3, but it wasn't until early in the third quarter that Los Angeles unleashed its most staggering burst. The Lakers had run off eight straight points when, at 8:28 of the period, Forward Kurt Rambis stripped the ball from Philadelphia's Julius Erving in the Sixers' frontcourt and launched a desperate pass to Johnson, who had already headed toward midcourt. Johnson took a single dribble and rifled the ball to Norm Nixon, who had filled the left lane. Immediately, the ball was in flight again, headed for Wilkes as he thundered toward the basket for a layup. The L.A. lead was 23, and for all practical purposes the game was over. The Lakers went on to win 129-108.

Andrew Toney scored 36 points for Philly in Game 3, his first significant outburst of the series; but even his spectacular performance, which included the first four-point play (a three-point shot and a free throw) in championship series history, probably did his team as much harm as good against the Lakers' half-court trap defense.

continued



Unable to hit from the outside, Wilkes tore up the Sixers' defense with drives in Game 3.



The Doctor was definitely up for Game 5.

"The way they're attacking the trap is playing right into our hands," said L.A. Coach Pat Riley. And who could argue with him? "They've completely taken us out of our offense," said 76er Guard Lionel Hollins. "We haven't really been able to run our plays at all. We're not primarily an outside shooting team, but that's where they're making us play." When Toney, who has a tendency to dribble a lot, often to little effect, was controlling the ball, Philadelphia's offense came to a standstill. "When they run a set play for Toney," Riley said, "if it isn't there, he just goes ahead and goes one-on-one. He usually doesn't look for the second or third option."

Riley had plenty of options last week. The trap, which didn't become a regular part of the Lakers' game until March, made him look like a genius. Whatever the trap's tactical merits, it had become a unifying force for the Lakers in the playoffs. "Our defense has been the key to our success," Nixon says, "and making it work is just a matter of us exerting ourselves. There were times during the season when three of us would play hard and two wouldn't, but at this time of year everybody can get up." Riley gambled that his players' egos would make his high-risk trapping defense work, not only as a means of stopping the Sixers from scoring, but also as the igniter for the Laker fast break. "If I'd put them in a straight man-to-man there would be room to rest," Riley says. "But in the trap, peer pressure won't let them let up. If it breaks down, everyone on the team knows who's responsible."

By Game 5 no one seemed to know who was responsible for turning the NBA's showcase event into a rout. Had the 76ers played ineptly in the third and fourth games? Or were the Lakers merely out there by themselves on some celestial dance floor? Even Erving had to concede after the Lakers' Game 4 victory, which wasn't as close as the 10-point margin indicated, that Los Angeles had been "awesome," a word Dr. J, who prides himself on his succinct usage, doesn't employ lightly.

"Let's use a little deductive reasoning," added Nixon, who studied logic at Duquesne. "If they're a great team and we keep beating them by 10 or more, what does that say about us?"

The Lakers so overwhelmed the 76ers in Games 3 and 4 that of the 48 minutes

played in each, Los Angeles led by 10 points or more for 35:48 on Tuesday and 33:44 on Thursday. During one remarkable stretch of more than 20 minutes in Game 4—from 4:45 to go in the second quarter until 8:18 to go in the fourth—Los Angeles scored 52 consecutive points without benefit of a jump shot. Just first-break layups, tap-ins, dunks, follow-ups, free throws, along with skyhooks from Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who had his best game of the series: 22 points, 11 rebounds and three blocks. Bob McAdoo shot eight of 13 for 19 points, mostly on jumpers and layups. And just as they had in the previous game, the Lakers assigned Wilkes to cover Toney and put Johnson on Erving. Toney shot 11 for 25 and was never a factor. And while Dr. J got his points—25 on 11-of-15 shooting—Magic was able to keep him away from the boards. Erving had damaged the Lakers with 23 rebounds in the first two games, but in Los Angeles he was held to three in each game.

Putting Magic on the Doctor two years ago, when the Lakers won the championship series also against the Sixers, would have been unthinkable. But this is a different Johnson, not so much Magic as just plain Ervin Johnson Jr. He finished the 1981-82 regular season with more than 700 rebounds and 700 assists, the first player since Wilt Chamberlain in 1967-68 to do so, and he has downplayed the tinsel and glitter that once characterized his game. "There isn't the excitement of his rookie year," Riley says. "Then it was like going to Disneyland every day. Now he comes in and punches the clock like an old pro. But he's still our emotional catalyst. Everybody tunes into him. We struggle when he goes out of the game."

Johnson compares his role with the Lakers to his off-season alter ego, E.J. the Deejay. "The D.J. is the key man," Johnson says. "He has to know what the people like and he has to give it to them."

If Johnson has given the Lakers more this season as a player, he has been decidedly less outgoing, probably as a result of the criticism he took from both the fans and the press because of his role in Coach Paul Westhead's firing last November. "It has been tough as far as keeping myself together mentally and trying to concentrate," he says. "Before all that happened it was like having an understanding with the fans. They like having

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someone they could reach out to and call a friend."

After Westhead was fired and replaced by Riley on Nov. 19, it seemed the only reason anyone reached out toward Johnson was to point a finger at him. Stung by the criticism and the first boos he had heard in his 22 years, Magic clung to his teammates for support. "All that stuff that happened kind of brought us together," he says. The players began going out together—hitting discos in clusters and going to movies in groups. "It's funny sometimes," says Magic, "eight giants sitting in a row at the movies."

Talking about giants, in a series replete with surprises, none was bigger than the competence of Rambis, a 6' 8" forward who played in Greece last season and is technically a rookie. The Lakers maintain a statistic called rebounding efficiency: How many times does a player go to the boards when he has the opportunity? In Game 3, Rambis' was 95%—he crashed the boards 19 of 20 possible times and got eight rebounds. But it wasn't L.A.'s frontcourt players as much as it was the Lakers' guards who hurt the Sixers early last week. In Games 3 and 4 the 76ers guards were consistently over-matched by Nixon, Johnson and sixth man Michael Cooper. Nixon scored 29 points in Game 3 and had 14 assists in Game 4, and, even in the 76ers' fifth game victory, he went for 20 points, 13 assists and five rebounds. With Magic (22 points, eight-for-nine shooting, nine rebounds and eight assists in Game 3) Nixon made sure the Lakers applied defensive pressure, particularly off the trap. "Nixon, Cooper and Magic all have created their own identities," Riley says, "and that's something they should be protective of. This could be one of the great trios of guards in the history of the league. They should all want to be the godfathers of each other's kids."

And then again, after the Game 5 debacle, maybe they should just adopt Toney. Little Orphan Andy put on a devastating shooting exhibition when the Sixers needed him most, making 13 of 18 shots for 31 points. Both Wilkes and Cooper tried sticking a hand in his face, but Toney kept the jumpers falling.

Riley might well have been expecting a game just like Sunday's, despite everything that had been said during the week about the Lakers' invincibility. "I didn't think we were that great," Riley had said

In Game 5, Nixon rose to the Laker defense by putting up a hand in Cheeks's face ...

of Thursday's win. "We have three great perimeter shooters in Norman, Jamaal and Mac, and we haven't had all of them shooting well at once yet."

Riley didn't see much that he liked in the fifth game. Wilkes, whose slingshot jumper had been missing for most of the series, sank only two of his seven shots in the first half. Abdul-Jabbar set some new personal lows. He got into early foul trouble when 76er backup Center Darryl Dawkins scored six points on him—en route to 14 second-quarter points. Abdul-Jabbar never recovered, getting only six points and four rebounds for the game. It was the first time in 379 regular-season and 110 playoff games that he had failed to score in double figures.

The first quarter was sloppily played—Lakers 11 turnovers, Sixers eight—and produced the first real back and forth excitement of the finals. Erving, too, struggled in the early going, missing his first seven shots. But the 76ers hung tough, battling Los Angeles to a 54-54 halftime standoff after the Lakers got their running game cranked up in the second period. "Even Doc, when he got down, kept on working," Philly Coach Billy Cunningham said. Then, early in the third quarter, Erving snared a Toney pass that was headed for the Walt Whitman Bridge, brought the ball down and went back up for a dunk. The play seemed to galvanize Erving and his teammates, and during the next 8½ minutes they went from a 68-66 deficit to a 91-81 lead. The Doctor hit eight of nine shots in the second half and finished with 23 points. And the Sixers committed just three turnovers in the last three quarters. "We played a good game until the middle of the third period," Riley said. "Then they became obsessed."

The game also marked the first time in the series that a team with the most rebounds—the Lakers, 49-39—lost. The probable reason for that was that the Sixers committed only 11 turnovers to the Lakers' 24.

After the game Erving was asked if he thought the Sixers could turn the series around. "Oh," said the Doc, "I think it's already been turned around."

... and Dawkins stooped to conquer Abdul-Jabbar, who scored a low of six points.



The Pittsburgh team bus was rolling through the streets of New York en route to Shea Stadium one day last season. Everybody was relatively quiet except John Candelaria, who caused a commotion the entire trip. "Would you look at that?" marveled a teammate. "There's the starting pitcher for tonight, hat on backward, leaning out the window screaming at people, talking to the grass, thinking about the hitters."

Well, the Pirates hoped Candelaria was thinking about the hitters. The Candy Man from Brooklyn—who, many baseball men believe, could be among the sweetest left-handers in the game if only he wanted to be—put on a crazed 50-minute performance. In Manhattan, he called to young ladies and helpfully explained to them their assets or lack thereof; on a bridge over the East River, he got into an argument with a truck driver over



The Mad Hatter Of Pittsburgh

Some baseball men may wonder if John Candelaria's head is on straight, but no one questions his pitching ability

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

whether the driver was taking the right route to Connecticut; in one of the scruffier precincts of Queens, he spotted a drug transaction and hollered, "Hey, you're too obvious. Go someplace else. You think you're on *Ler's Make a Deal?*" And finally, at Shea, he really did talk to the grass, berating it for not growing stronger and taller.

At 6' 7" and 235 pounds, Candelaria himself grew stronger and taller than

most. Despite his lack of pregame concentration that night, he went 8½ innings against the Mets, giving up 10 hits and winning 7-4. He wasn't particularly sharp. He didn't do anything extremely well. But when it was all over, he was the winner. Typical.

Then, also typically, he went out carousing—Candelaria is always a party just waiting to happen—and lamented the next morning, "I feel like I went through a war and my tongue lost. But what the hell. Life is to enjoy. It's a mystery to be lived, not a problem to be solved."

Funny how life can play tricks on even the freest of spirits. A week and a half later, against St. Louis on May 10, Candelaria stretched the musculocutaneous nerve in his left biceps. The immediate questions were: Would he ever again be capable of pitching? And, more important, would he even try to rehabilitate himself? To almost everyone's amazement, Candelaria did work on getting well. "I'm crazy," he says, "and that's an advantage because nobody wants to mess with a crazy man. But I do care about baseball."

Not enough, though, or he might not have been injured in the first place. Go back to that cold day in St. Louis. Candelaria told his manager, Chuck Tanner, that he didn't think the game should be played, but Tanner said pitch anyway. So Candelaria put on a short-sleeved shirt, eschewing the long-sleeved model traditionally worn by pitchers during cold weather, and he ignored Pitching Coach Harvey Haddix' urgings that he wear a jacket between innings. "I was annoyed," says Candelaria. In the seventh inning, his arm snapped, and the Candy Man was through for the year. He found out just how bad things were when, later that night, on the plane to Atlanta for the Pirates' next game, Catcher Steve Nicosia poured Candelaria a glass of champagne and Candy was unable to lift it to his lips. Now we're talking a real life crisis.

Six months later, after undergoing rehabilitation in San Diego under the care of Dr. Paul Bauer, Candelaria threw his first baseball since St. Louis. "It was a Little League fistball," he recalls. "That was discouraging. But there was no pain. That was encouraging." What's even

more encouraging—or amazing—is that the Candy Man has actually had some good performances this year, although the casual observer might have looked at his 2-3 record as of last Sunday and been less than impressed.

The fact is, Candelaria's ERA of 3.13 would have been 2.01 except for a disastrous one-inning, seven-run performance against the Giants two weeks ago. Last week he beat the Dodgers 3-1, allowing three hits and striking out six in seven innings. "I'm in the cruisin' lane again," he says.

Tanner raves about Candelaria, saying last year, "He has one of the finest arms in baseball and all the talent in the world. He hasn't even started his career. If I had one game to pitch for my life, I'd give the ball to John Candelaria."

Which gives rise to the question that always comes up: Candy is good, but why isn't he better? "Horsebloop," says Candelaria. "I have been successful, I am successful, and I will be successful. Who is to say who has potential and what somebody else's potential is?" Indeed, there's no more baffling pitcher in baseball. He has the second-best winning percentage (85-57, .599), behind the Phillies' Steve Carlton, among left-handed starters in the National League. Even so, people talk about him as if he's just hanging on. Which he may be.

"Candelaria?" says one general manager. "He's goofy." That's fair. The proof is in what he says and does. Candy is in horrible physical condition, doesn't care and grouches. "So I can't run a mile. So what? Baseball players are the worst conditioned athletes of all. If a guy is breathing, that's good enough." Candelaria has never met a beer he didn't like. He doesn't work much on the pitches he hits and holds a similarly lukewarm attitude toward developing any new ones.

"People feel at times I'm enjoying myself too much," said Candy over a beer in a mason jar at Max's in Pittsburgh. "Maybe they're right. But if I ever lose the boy in me, what's the sense? I plan to be doing silly things when I'm 50. I just want to be remembered as footloose and fancy free."

He will. For it seems that for Byzantine reasons harbored in the shadowy corners of his mind, Candelaria has a

continued





THE MAD HATTER *continued*

kind of professional death wish. He guesses, cavalierly, that if he weren't playing baseball, "I'd probably be living in an apartment building in Brooklyn and working for UPS. That would be fun, too."

And having fun is always at the top of Candy's list, no matter what it might cost. In 1973, when he was just getting started in pro ball, he became so bored in Bradenton, Fla., where the Pirates train, that he announced he would—if the price was right—leap off the roof of the

two-story Pirate City motel at midnight on a Friday. His teammates gathered at the appointed hour and anted up \$4.50. Candy decreed the price was right and, screaming "Geronimo!" jumped. Then he collected his money and left laughing, never telling anybody he'd broken the big toe on his left foot. Candy, why risk your career so foolishly?

"I didn't have a car. I was going crazy. Besides, you forget one thing."

What?

"Why not jump?"

For Candy it's dandy to down a cold brew or two from a mason jar at Max's tavern.

Not long ago, Candalaria was given \$238 in meal money by a team official while on a bus to Wrigley Field in Chicago. Candy started throwing it out the window—at \$5 a toss—to the astonishment of the street people who never expected bucks from a bus. "It just seemed like the thing to do," he says. Of course, he has hung all of his roommate's clothes on trees outside their apartment; of course, he has filled hotel swimming pools with fire-extinguisher spray; of course, he put an overcoat on over his baseball uniform one day in Philadelphia and walked across the street during a Pirate-Phillie game to watch the 76ers play basketball. Why wouldn't he?

Obscured by his here today, gone tomorrow way of life is the success he already has achieved. Called up to Pittsburgh in 1975, Candalaria went 8-6 and struck out 14 in a playoff game against Cincinnati to tie the National League playoff record. He whiffed Pete Rose, Joe Morgan and Johnny Bench to open the game. He got four standing ovations in 7½ innings while giving up three hits. Rose called Candy's effort perhaps "the greatest pressure game I've seen any pitcher pitch." That the Pirates ultimately lost wasn't the point. Said Bench, "Candalaria was just wonderful."

In 1976, Candy led Pittsburgh in wins (16) and innings pitched (220) and, on Aug. 9 against the Dodgers, became the first Pirate since 1907 to pitch a no-hitter at home. Then came 1977 when he was 20-5—he was the first Pirate in 17 years to win 20 games—and led the league in ERA (2.34) and percentage of wins (.800). In 1979, he again led the Pirates in victories, with 14, and combined with Kent Tekulve for a World Series shutout of Baltimore.

All of this has won Candalaria the undying gratitude of Pirate management, right? Wrong. He makes close to \$500,000 a year—"That seems like a lot of money for a little boys' game," says his mother, Felicia Julia, who lives on Staten Island—and Candalaria concedes that those earnings, which could rise to near \$600,000 if he cashed in on performance bonuses, are fair for now. But he grumps, "I love Pittsburgh and I love the guys, but the front office is suspect. Of course, maybe they think my pitching is suspect."

New father Candalaria cuddles with girl friend Donna, dog Precious and baby Amber.



All I know is, winning left-handers don't grow on trees, and there are 25 other teams who I'm sure would like to have a winner."

Pirate Vice-President Harding Peterson grins his teeth when discussing Candelaria. "Why write about him?" he asks. "What has he done? He's O.K., when he throws from the proper angle and gives proper effort. But he throws too much sidearm, which we've told him over and over." Indeed, Dr. Bauer says that Candelaria "is a slinger and he really shouldn't throw sidearm." But that's the way Candelaria throws, and so Bauer and his associate, former major league Catcher Fred Kendall, have worked with Candy on mechanics, especially techniques designed to put less strain on his throwing arm.

Met's General Manager Frank Cashen says, "A one-word description of Candelaria would be 'competitive.' He's a tough man in a tough game." Another baseball executive says, "Candelaria abuses himself. He has chronic back problems and a penchant for driving 110 mph. But in a big game, nobody's better." Translation: There's room in baseball for this left-hander, but whoever has him had better be rich in understanding and strong of nerve.

Success has always come easily for Candelaria because he's so gifted. His idea of bearing down on conditioning is to get a full night's sleep, sort of, the night before he pitches. "I'm not carrying my lunch to work, I like it, and the pay's not bad," he says of baseball. "The truth is, I don't know what work is."

On the other hand, the Candy Man persists in denying that he's making it totally on natural ability. "I busted my tail to get where I'm at," he says. "God gave me ability, but I have improved greatly on it. There are a lot of kids who have ability, but they're out on playgrounds shooting up." Candelaria swears he didn't do that; his preference in high school was LSD.

Then, during an infrequent reflective moment, he stares into a St. Pauli Girl beer and says softly, "O K, I admit I take all this for granted. I don't work as hard as I used to. But you don't understand that as you get older, the mind takes over and you don't have to work." Ultimately, it's this kind of thinking that may ruin Candelaria. He has always thought of himself as perennially 18 and indestructible, although that cold afternoon in St.

Louis should have taught him otherwise. "I thought my career was over," he admits. "And I was scared." Even at that, he once told the Pirate orthopedist, Jack Failla, "My main goal in life is to be sitting around a bar 20 years from now and have somebody come up and say, 'Hey, John Candelaria. You used to be a pretty good pitcher.'"

Candelaria never really burned with desire to be a baseball player. Born in New York City of Puerto Rican parents, he was a classic street kid who may have thought a fiddle bigger than his buddies. For example, while his friends would snatch one apple from the grocery store, Candy would haul off an entire crate. "One apple, one crate. What's the difference?" he says.

When Candelaria was 16, his baseball career seemed ended. An indifferent stu-

dent—"I didn't need school and with some of the grades I made, school didn't need me"—he says he quit baseball at LaSalle Academy in Lower Manhattan because he had a disagreement with the coach. Others recall that his baseball career slowed considerably when the school dropped the sport. Whatever. The result was that in the 11th and 12th grades, Candelaria played no baseball, but he continued to play a lot of basketball, scoring 1,318 points in his three years.

Luckily, Dutch Deutsch, then a Pittsburgh scout, had heard about Candy's baseball ability as a youngster. Says Deutsch, "I put it in the back of my mind that when he grew up, we might find him again." Deutsch did, but in 1972, Candelaria scoffed at an offer to sign for a \$13,000 bonus. His holdout was encour-

continued



Relaxing before the game with Madlock and others, Candelaria puts his mind on cards.

aged by the late Roberto Clemente, who had been called in by management to seduce and lure the young prospect. Instead, Clemente told Candelaria in Spanish, "They'll give you a lot more. Hold out." Thus advised, Candy wandered off to Puerto Rico to play amateur basketball and to engage in the good times.

Later in 1972, another Pirate scout, Horne Haak, was told to make a final offer of \$40,000. Haak found Candelaria in a hamlet 70 miles outside of San Juan at 8 a.m. Candy was in no condition to negotiate further because he had been out the night before celebrating a basketball victory. He signed quickly, if unsteadily, bought a maroon and cream Monte Carlo, gave \$20,000 to his mother and a month later went to the Instructional League "to show them how hard I could throw." He promptly hurt his arm, but recalls thinking, "Oh, well, I can probably make it to the big leagues just throwing changeups."

In 1973, he began his climb, doing well—10-2—at Class A Charleston, S.C. But in 1974, pitching in the cold for Salem, W. Va., also a Class A team, he slipped on the mound and hurt his back. Again, the facts are in dispute. The Pirates insist Candelaria's back problems date to birth or early childhood; Candy says, nope, it was that dreadful night in Rocky Mount, N.C. Pirate trainer Tony Bartome says that one of Candy's vertebrae is loose on one hinge. Sometimes Candelaria will scream out in pain while pitching. But if a teammate comes over, he'll rage, "Get the hell off my mound."

Teammate Willie Stargell, who has played often with pain himself, says there are times during a game "when there are tears coming out of Candy's eyes, but he never complains." And he seldom misses a turn, having started 29 or more games in each of his five full seasons before 1981 and consistently pitching 200 innings or more—although critics say he should be throwing as many as 300.

But Candelaria just doesn't want to pay the price to improve. Pat Scarola, his counselor at LaSalle, says, "Unfortunately, he turns his ability on and off." And Don Buckley, his high school basketball

coach, who now coaches at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, observes, "Sometimes his mind becomes preoccupied and he doesn't have any initiative."

The women in his life have always been a problem, too. "John makes bad judgments about everything, but he saves

gave birth to their daughter, Amber. Candelaria admits that his personal difficulties sometimes carry over to the mound, but for the moment, things are relatively tranquil on the home front. He's even trying to be a businessman, what with his auto leasing company, Can-Lease, Inc., and his part ownership of a Pittsburgh racquetball club.

Haddix says charitably, "Maybe we expect too much of him." Haddix constantly tries to get Candelaria to keep his arm up when he delivers the ball to enhance not only the pop of his fastball but also his prospects for long-term big league employment. But Candy isn't much interested in discourses on self-improvement. "All my coaches and managers have told me I'd never be successful unless I threw overhand," he says. "But I know what's right for me, and it's hard to see that I'm doing anything wrong."

In truth, his late-breaking side-arm curve can be brutal on left-handed hitters; his tiling fastball can drive righthanders dilly and his sinker drops precipitously.

"Candelaria is always going to have a lot of fun," says one scout, "but I don't know if it's going to be in baseball." During spring training one year, he was stopped at 2 a.m., not for speeding, but for going too slowly. On roller skates. "The cop clocked me at seven miles per hour," says Candy, who loves to skate because "the wind blows in your face and the birds sing."

Yet, the Candy Man, who may be hiding some concern behind the laughter, scoffs at those who predict failure for him. "I believe in that saying, 'If any mind conceives it and my heart believes it, I can achieve it,'" he says. "I'm a strong-willed person and I will pitch well." Stargell, his best friend on the team, says, "With Candy, you have to let him be himself. Don't box him in. Everybody has a right to fly."

But what if you wake up tomorrow with your future behind you, Candy?

"I'll say it's been fun and it's been great," he says. And with that, he whisks his black Mercedes (license plate M-RD-TW, the M standing for midnight) down the road toward another beer joint. "They have 30¢ draft there," he says.



When Candy is on the mound, he's all business.

the worst judgments for women," says one friend. Candelaria has been married and divorced twice; the papers for the second, in 1980, were served between innings of a game he was pitching at Three Rivers Stadium.

Candelaria is now living with Donna Hall, a flight attendant, who on April 29

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America's Storyteller

On The Road To Success...Perhaps



Bing Crosby's son Nathaniel is the reigning U.S. Amateur golf champ, but his game might not be up to par

by BOB OTTUM

A morning as perfect as this one should be preserved in Lucite, if not fine crystal. The day has come up daz-zling—mild, with a faint trace of pine and sweet myrtle carried on the wind. The golf course is turning a lusher, late-spring green, and on both sides of the fairways are dunes of soft white sand. They are there to threaten the golfers, but they carry no menace on a day like this. The threesome, each man attired in the pastels of golf, ambles along, not caring about scores, chatting idly about swings and techniques. If one were to stand off to the side and watch these golfers, for sure this thought would arise: Some people are born to the game, among them the junior member of the threesome—The Young Man Who Has Everything.

The Young Man Who Has Everything has, of course, all the strokes. He also is lean and tanned to the proper shade, which is to say not too dark. His hair is perfectly sculptured and falls softly back into place after a wind ruffles it. Though he's only 20 years old, he seems completely self-assured, a trait that will likely mark him for the rest of his life.

Dick Horne, a member of the threesome, comfortably thick-waisted and balding, watches the Young Man Who Etc. stroll along the fairway and nods appreciatively. "That there boy is 20 growin' on 35, as they say," he says. "And I swear, he already knows what he can do. He can't sing like his ol' daddy, and he can't act like his sister or older brother—and he knows he doesn't want to get into show business. And while he has been handed just about everything

that a body could ever want, he has discovered the secret of this here life: You can't inherit a good golf game."

Thus does one come upon Nathaniel Patrick Crosby, Bing's boy, on a sparkling day outside Charleston, S.C. as he strives to develop about the only thing he didn't inherit. But with respect to his golf, he's much more than just Bing's boy. He's the U.S. Amateur champion—a remarkable achievement for anybody's boy—and, casual as he appears to be about his game, he's dead serious in his ambition to improve and become a golfer of consistent excellence. It's a painstaking and, lately, painful undertaking.

Right now, it seems there are too few flashes of brilliance and too many days of mediocre and occasionally dumb play.

It will have to be. Ever since he won the Amateur last September in San Francisco, 1 up in 37 holes over Brian Lindley of Fountain Valley, Calif., Crosby has done a disappearing act. In his last seven PGA tournaments, he hasn't once made the cut. In the North-South Amateur at Pinehurst a couple of weeks ago, he was eliminated 4 and 3 on the first day. In the NCAA tournament that immediately followed, in which he played for his University of Miami team, Crosby shot a 4-over-par 292, good for a six-way tie for 32nd place.

Then he was off to England for last week's British Amateur, where he was defeated in the first round by Briton David Gilford, 4 and 3. Next week he'll play in the U.S. Open at Pebble Beach. There,



Nathaniel and his brother Harry played together in the '82 Crosby. Kathryn holds a juicy item that wasn't put up for auction.



Enough to cause irritation but not yet despair. The Young Man Who Etc. wears his embarrassments politely. "I suppose it's a good thing for me to fall on my fan-ny so soon after winning the Amateur," he says. "Maybe if I'd gone on winning, I'd have been awfully hard to live with by now." Then he smiles, a bit ruefully, indicating that, well, he couldn't ever really be hard to live with. "I guess that maybe a more gradual success will be the best thing for me."

Crosby will be more than just the U.S. Amateur champion making his well-earned appearance in the game's most prestigious tournament. Pebble Beach is the course where the final round of the tournament that bears his father's name is played each winter. In many ways, Pebble is home for Crosby, the place where the campaign that may or may not pay off began.

Emulating his dad, Crosby is forever playing new courses, studying the game

and expecting that someday, somehow, everything will fall into place. At almost every stop along the way, family friends are waiting to help. Here in South Carolina it's Horne, an insurance executive and local amateur champion, and Raymond Finch, chairman of the board of Wild Dunes, the vast new development on the Isle of Palms near Charleston, on whose Tom Fazio-designed course the three-some is playing.

Midway through the 14th hole, Crosby offers a crumb of knowledge gleaned a few weeks before in one of his college courses. "Edgar Allan Poe's short story, *The Gold-Bug*, is set right here," he says. "Poe used to hang out in this part of the country."

Sure enough, looming up on the right, enormously gnarled and lumpy, is Wild Dunes' official Gold-Bug Tree, as it's listed on the course maps. It's a very old oak, so full of pits and hollows from lightning bolts that it could hold a couple of thousand badly hit golf balls. "It was from 'way on up in that very tree," says Finch, "that old whatchamacallit dangled the gold beetle through the eye of the skull to locate the buried treasure, remember?"

continued

But wasn't Poe's tree actually a tulip tree? And wasn't the setting Sullivan's Island and not the Isle of Palms?

"Well, I mean it was fiction," says Finch, "and so this here is the tree in question."

Settings like Wild Dunes and companions like Horne and Finch are what Crosby now seeks out. His choice of friends is catholic, some pals of his father, some closer to his own age. But age clearly doesn't matter to him; what counts is that all of them are real people.

He's deliberately putting show business at a distance, and he shuns glitter. Indeed, in an unconscious reach for the persona he wants most, Crosby has taken on a countrified Southern accent, full of mellowed-down words and softly rounded vowels, a vastly different language from the one he left home with. His sentences now are flavored with gentle ruralisms: In characterizing his feelings for a favorite caddie, Fletcher Gaines, Crosby says, "Ah'd lay down in the road for him." At Wild Dunes he describes for his friends the 15-foot birdie putt on the 1st hole of the sudden-death playoff that won him the Amateur by saying, "Man, ah cruised that sucker on in there."

The Southern accent is sort of ironic, he allows, because Bing enunciated clearly, with no discernible accent, and Nathaniel's mother, Kathryn Grant Crosby, went to great lengths to erase all

traces of the Southwest from her speech. Kathryn, as most of the fan mag world knows, was Golden Girl of the Texas League when she was a freshman at the University of Texas, long before she met Bing. "But later, after she and Dad married," says Nathaniel, "she took special classes in diction at Paramount to lose the drawl—and now everything she says is carefully enunciated and well rounded, in pear-shaped tones. Only very rarely will she slip with, say, a 'hadn't oughta.'"

And so, slowly and far from the rest of his family, a new Nathaniel is emerging. He will be, when he finally gets himself all finished, very much his own man. He can say, with no trace of self-consciousness, "A lot of my golfing mistakes are flat due to immaturity, but I'm slowly getting over that." He'll keep getting over it, he figures—"Since I'm only 20, I've got a head start on a lot of them"—for a while yet. He hopes to turn pro, but he has no intention of rushing into it. "When I go out there as a pro, I'll be ready," he says. "I figure I'm a good three years away now. If I'm ready then, I'll go. Otherwise, I won't. Nothing says that one has to do something."

There is, he says, a Crosby family maxim, handed down from the old man: "It's one thing to be well off, but quite another to be well off and do nothing but sit on your ass." We were brought up to believe that one must constantly be learning and improving, seeking to become something.

Now, at Wild Dunes, the threesome plays the last two holes, needing each other, sporting Southernisms and lore that Crosby will surely use in years to come. One can see him mentally filing them all away.

Horne has been chattering throughout the game. Now he hunches over a putt, concentrating fiercely, and from behind him, Finch grows, "Hit it wif yer jawbone; that oughta do it."

"That's called putting the mouth-wedge on him," Crosby says gleefully.

In the soft cadences of Southern golf, the players have eliminated the word "good"; they recognize a good putt merely by nodding and murmuring, "Putt, Crosby," as one might greet someone on a nice day with a laconic, "Mornin'." The threesome

finishes out the round, and Finch has a final word of counsel for his young friend. "Allus remember," he says, "that education and experience win out ever' time against ignorance and superstition. Or somethin' like that."

After a shower at one of Finch's new condos, Crosby suits up for the 200-mile drive to Pinehurst to practice for the North-South Open: jeans and a pair of hand-made Tony Lama antelope-skin cowboy boots—another sign of the countrification of Nathaniel Crosby. He also favors big, oval, cowboy-style belt buckles and Western-cut sport coats. "I just prefer this sort of look and these people," he says. "In fact, you know my idea of the perfect place to live? Colorado."

But for now he lives mostly on the road: The car is a spunking new Camaro with California plates. It's dull black, with black tires and black interior and dark tinted windows. He bought the car for \$11,800 in San Francisco and drove it across country. On this day the rear seats are folded down and the back is stuffed with two golf bags and almost two complete sets of clubs, a couple of lumpy suitcases, more cowboy boots and six or seven garment bags plump with clothes on hangers. "I just seem to spend my time living this way," he says. Changing clothes in a country club parking lot while standing beside the upswung hatchback of his Camaro is routine stuff. "But this time the reason for all this junk is that I'm packed for Wild Dunes, then two tournaments at Pinehurst, then for the British Amateur—had to include some warm clothes—then back to this country and on to the U.S. Open. Look at this: I've got an outfit in here for every possible situation."

At a 7-Eleven just outside Charleston, he supplements his traveling gear with a Styrofoam ice chest and a bag of ice, a monster-size sack of potato chips and a six-pack of Mountain Dew. "Only way to fly," he says as the Camaro roars away and hunkers down into the highway, the way this model will. The bag of potato chips is torn open and wedged between the gearshift and the dashboard, where it can be reached from either seat. Soda is popped open. Then Crosby fishes around in the storage compartment between the seats and pulls out a tape cassette. "Want to hear some music?" he asks. "One of my good ones. The Mills Brothers."

The Mills Brothers? One thinks about the "why" of that particular choice for

continued



Penna eyes the extent of Crosby's shoulder tilt.



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Two pros at a Miami club give Nathaniel the heave.

NATHANIEL CROSBY continued

a long moment and then realizes: Of course, Bing would have approved.

"They're one of my favorites," Crosby says. "When I'm alone, going from one tournament to another, I'll put on a tape and roll up the windows and crank up the volume and sing along with them—and I mean loud—until I get hoarse."

Time now to establish certain truths: Bing Crosby's youngest kid can't sing a lick. Nor does he care to. The Crosby children were encouraged from the start to seek their own paths. "My sister, Mary Frances, knew that she wanted to become an actress and she went for it in an absolute straight line," Nathaniel says. "My older brother, Harry Lillis, has so many interests that it's incredible. He's an actor and a fine musician and composer. Lately, he's been a student of finance—going for his MBA at Fordham. He knows more about my dad's estate than any of us. And I knew as early as 13 what I wanted. We were what I guess you'd call a solid family: at first, Mom took a dim view of my ambitions—'If you'd just take half of that golf energy and channel it into your studies...' she'd say. But she finally accepted it, and

now she's very supporting."

The Mills Brothers concert is postponed in favor of the Nathaniel Crosby Story—which, in view of the fact that the subject is only 20 years old, fills the miles between Charleston, S.C. and Pinehurst, N.C.

"I vaguely remember chip- ping and putting in our backyard in the Bay Area, in Hillsborough," he says, "using a cut-down, 18-inch Ben Hogan driver for everything. Somewhere in the house there's a picture of me holding a golf club. Everyone says I was about three years old when it was taken, but I think that's too young. It had to be sometime after that."

One of Crosby's real golf secrets, never before told, he says, was Bridget Brennan. "She was my Irish nanny. She loved me and I loved her very much. But the next thing was: She had been a golfer back in Ireland. Not only that, but a left-handed golfer. I understand that the family had been interviewing potential nannies, and I suppose that they were all well qualified and all that—but when my dad heard that Bridget was a left-handed golfer, well, that did it. He flat hired her on the spot. And then, patiently, there in our house and in the backyard, she taught me what she knew—how to stand properly, and the correct thumb-down-the-shaft grip, all just right. I play right-handed, of course, but proper use of the left hand is important in your swing. I'll never forget her."

There was plenty of other help. Crosby's godfather is Jackie Burke Jr., the 1956 Masters champion. He provided a set of cut-down clubs as well as advice. From age seven to 15, Crosby studied under Maurice VerBrugge, the pro at the Burlingame Country Club. Indeed, it was VerBrugge who took Crosby in for a tune-up and 10,000-mile check before last year's Amateur. And since age 15, there has been Tony Penna, oldtime touring pro and master club maker, one of Bing's closest friends, whom Nathaniel regards as nothing less than a wizard. More than anyone else, it has been Penna who has overseen the golfing care and feeding of Nathaniel Crosby, and it was

Penna, now a pro in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., who was the inspiration for Crosby's accepting a golf scholarship to attend college down the road in Miami.

Crosby developed into enough of a schoolboy whiz that he won the Burlingame Club championship (for the first of three times) at 15. He managed to accomplish this with Bing skulking along, pretending to be invisible just on the edge of everyone's vision on the adjoining fairways, flitting cartoon-fashion from tree to tree. "He didn't want to make me nervous," Nathaniel says. "And what he did was make me nervous." At 17, young Crosby qualified for the U.S. Junior by shooting a course-record 66 at Johnsonville, S.C. and went on to become a medalist. In his first year at Miami he made all-state and led the Hurricanes to victory in the Florida State Intercollegiate. The same year, just after he turned 18, he won the Las Vegas Rebel Invitational—still the only collegiate tournament he has won. But if his medal play is up and down, his match play is much better. As of last week, Crosby had won 21 of his last 27 matches, not counting those in the U.S. Amateur.

After a couple of hours, the Camaro ghosts into the parking lot of a backwoods hamburger stand. And over cheeseburgers and coffee, Crosby, looking younger than any of the high school kids hanging out there, recounts the rest of his life like an old man harking back to some half-forgotten pioneer era.

"There was a time," he says, "when I wanted to be anybody, any-body, other than Bing Crosby's son. I was 13. It happens to kids in show business families. Remember his Christmas show?"

Sure, that yuletide special had a 38-year run on the air and spawned two families for Bing. And it effectively drilled Minute Maid orange juice into the national subconscious.

"Well, as you know, Dad would bring the family on," Nathaniel says, "and I don't know if you ever noticed it or not—it certainly doesn't matter—but I tried so hard to act disinterested. I tried to look as if I'd just wandered in from the street and didn't know any of these folks. I definitely didn't want to be related to them. I tried to act disinterested through all of the songs and patter. I was using it as a defense; there was a special reason for it. What I dreaded, nothing I hated worse, was going to school the day after the special had appeared on television."

continued

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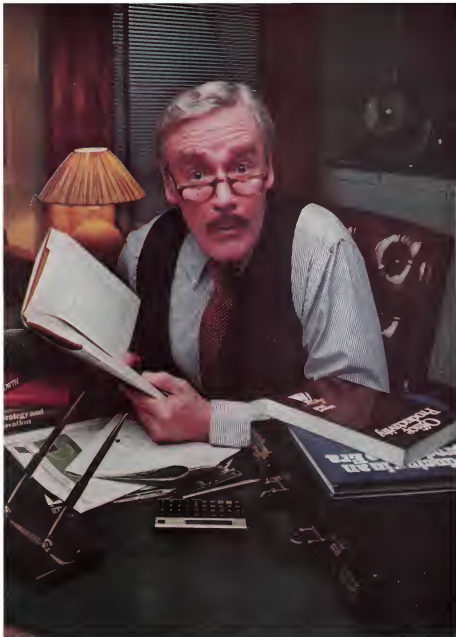


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A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a dark shirt, playing a trumpet. The trumpet is angled diagonally across the frame, with the bell pointing towards the upper right. The man's face is in profile, looking down at the instrument. The background is dark and out of focus.

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"I'd walk into class and everybody would go, 'Ohhhhhh, I'm dreaming of a white Christmas...' And then they'd go, 'Buh-buh-buh-boo.' Oh, boy, I got a lot of that. All through my childhood. And years later, when I'd be playing golf, minding my own business, someone would say, 'Piss! It's Bing Crosby's kid. Let's see how he hits it.' Or they'd say, 'I hope the kid can sing better than he can play golf.' And then, of course, I'd get the buh-buh-buh-boo."

But Crosby seems to have survived all that. He still gets it, but he has survived it. And he has his goals all in a neat row.

"I'll definitely finish college," he says. "In... um—who knows—the class of '85? It's slow going, with a few incompletes spotted here and there. I'm a political science major. But, see, the thing is: I want to be a well-rounded individual—that is, I don't want to just play golf and then one day find that I've grown up to be a dumb old man."

This would seem astonishing to those who, in 1978, saw a 16-year-old Nathaniel step in to replace his dad as host of the Crosby. After Bing's death on Oct. 14, 1977—hours after shooting an 85 on a course outside Madrid—there was no question in the family but that the Crosby would go on, and that Nathaniel would host it in his dad's place and do a splendid job. "Well, it was sort of being thrust into instant maturity," says Crosby, who has turned down big-money offers to enlarge and enrich the tournament. "I'd never sell it out to anyone who comes up and says, 'I'll give you this much money.'" he says. "The pros and all the players enjoy it just the way it is, and that's the way it's going to stay."

But never mind The Clambake, it's playing the game that counts to someone like Penna, perhaps the only true survivor who goes back to the beginning with Bing. "You know, Bing himself was over-protected," Penna says. "But still, when Nathaniel came along, he was high enough on the kid to recognize that he'd need some pro help in teaching the boy. Bing called me in Florida and said, 'I want you to come out and take a look at this kid of mine. He's something else.' When I got to the West Coast, Bing had gone off to London to play the Palladium and then go on to Spain. We spent maybe two hours playing together, Nathaniel and I. And I jotted down some notes for when Bing got back...."

Penna stops and sighs. No one has

ever looked more the old golf pro than he does at this moment with his seamed, tanned face and silver hair. "But, you see, Bing never got back," he says. "He came back in a coffin."

And now, with Nathaniel under his wing, Penna finds that "the boy wants to be a winner and, of course, that's it. There are a lot of beautiful players on the tour today who aren't winners. Now, maybe Nathaniel isn't hungry enough just yet—but look at his win in the Amateur. Listen, that wasn't any fluke. He beat Frank Fuhrer of our Walker Cup team in the first round, and in the semis he beat Willie Wood, a Walker Cup alternate who is acknowledged to be one of the finest college players in this country. And then he scrambled his way to victory in the final. It's his attitude that's his biggest asset right now."

And who better to talk of attitude than Mom? Listen to the perfectly enunciated tones of Kathryn Grant Crosby.

"Bing always told Nathaniel this: Gentlemen play golf," she says. "It's a gentleman's game." She pauses for dramatic effect. "And if you aren't a gentleman when you start, after the crushing events of the game, you surely become one. It's that sort of game. As for Nathaniel's turning professional, it's up to him, of course. I must say, it would please his dad so much if he were to finish college, and Nathaniel has assured me that he intends to do just that."

"Nothing came on a silver platter for Nathaniel," she goes on. "It was difficult for him, being three years younger than Harry. Perhaps because of that, Nathaniel developed such depth. There was a time, you know, when Nathaniel was chunky and, well, awkward. And I felt so sorry for him. Still, it was then he found he had to earn the right to play with his father. And earn it he did."

Mrs. Crosby talks of the recent auction in which she sold a lot of Bing memorabilia, part of a plan by which she hopes to condense the contents of six houses to two. There was a rumor that she was selling everything out from under the kids. Actually, she says, "The children told me what I couldn't sell. I consulted Harry on some things. Mary Frances on others—and I used Nathaniel as my golf expert. Bing left 36 complete sets of clubs, plus countless items such as solid silver putters and hand-inslaid putters of precious woods. That sort of thing."

"Know what my dad's alltime favorite

trophy was?" Nathaniel says of the memorabilia. "It was actually not the Oscar he won in 1944 for *Father O'Malley* in *Going My Way*. No. It was the trophy he got when his horse, Meadow Court, won the Irish Derby in 1965."

It's early evening at Pinehurst, and Crosby is at dinner talking of his plans for next year. "I'm going to red-shirt myself," he says. "I'm going to take the year off from playing college golf, and I'm go-



Nathaniel studies his branch of learning.

ing to work on my body. You know, the Nautilus machines. And exercise. And running. I'm going to run like crazy. Build up stronger legs and huge arms. I'm 5' 10" now and weight 160 or so. But I've got to have more strength if I'm going to make my master plan work."

Penna leaps to mind—and his saying that there's "nothing the kid can't accomplish. And he's going to play much better as he gets bigger and stronger."

"Allus remember," Crosby says, sipping a beer, "that education and experience win out over time against ignorance and superstition."

Sounds like he has been saying it all his life.

END

The tools of intelligence

With them, Catcher Bob Boone has turned Angel pitchers into winners

by Jim Kaplan

At the end of last week the California Angels were strong contenders in the American League West. Why? Well, there's the defense, which was strengthened and deepened by the addition of Doug DeCinces at third and Tim Lincecum at short. Foli has admirably filled in for Rick Burleson, who was lost for the season on April 17 with a torn rotator cuff, and the team's executive vice-president, Buzzie Bavasi, claims DeCinces has saved the Angels a run a game. Two pitchers, Geoff Zahn (5-2 through Sunday) and Bruce Kison (4-2), have far exceeded most expectations. Nevertheless, if a vote were taken among the Angels, Catcher Bob Boone would easily be elected the team's most valuable player.

"Boone's the best quarterback in the game of baseball," says Manager Gene Mauch. That savvy was on display last week. Before one game Boone told starter Ken Forsch that his pitches had been riding riskily in the same horizontal plane. Forsch, who had been unaware of this, got the drop on the Tigers and fivethrew them. The next night Zahn couldn't

get his changeup over but survived until the sixth because Boone had him mixing fastballs, sliders and sinkers. With Boone calling the shots, the Angel staff, which had a 3.70 ERA in 1981, has lowered it to 3.17, best in the American League. "Boone's been the difference," says Bavasi.

All of this would probably come as a surprise to Boone's previous employers, the Philadelphia Phillies, who unloaded him to the Angels for a reported \$300,000 last December. In his two previous seasons Boone had batted .229 and .211, and last year he and Keith Moreland threw out only 17% of the runners who tried to steal on them. Critics began calling Boone SBE2 for his throwing errors. With the Angels, however, Boone was batting .292 at week's end, and playing the kind of "little baseball"—sacrificing, squeezing, hitting to the opposite field—that Mauch dearly loves. Boone had driven in all eight runners who were on third with fewer than two outs when he came to bat. And he had thrown out 23 of 36 base stealers, for a dandy 64%.

The Phillies evidently overlooked the fact that Boone's 1979 knee surgery hampered him at the plate in 1980, and that his activities as National League player rep last year adversely affected his play. They may also have put too little stock in the fact that Boone's overthrows were made hurriedly when his pitchers couldn't hold men at first. According to Pitching Coach Tom Morgan, the Angel staff gets the ball home in an average of 1.35 seconds, and Boone gets it to second in 1.9. Only Montreal's Gary Carter (1.8) is thought to be faster. No wonder Oakland's Rickey Henderson is the only runner with a better-than-even chance of stealing on Boone.

But what Boone does best is handle his pitchers. He has a fine physique; a kung fu practitioner, Boone is 34 going on 24 and wants to play until he's 44. Despite two knee operations, he's agile enough to

present a low target and block most pitches that hit the dirt. In his first nine years as a major-leaguer Boone has averaged just six passed balls a year and has caught untold numbers of pitches that otherwise would have been wild. "Earlier in the season I threw a couple of curves in the dirt that got by him for wild pitches," says reliever Don Aase. "Later he came to me and said, 'I know how your curve breaks; that won't happen again.' So I wasn't afraid to keep throwing curves. That made a big difference to me." Aase's earned run average was a fine 2.74 when he went on the disabled list Friday with a strained elbow.

After learning the game plan in a meeting with Mauch, Morgan and the starter, Boone calls all the pitches. His battery mates are delighted. "When I come in I don't want to think much, and Boone's more aware than I am of what the hitters have been doing," says reliever Andy Hassler. "I'm used to calling my game, but I don't anymore," says Forsch. "I used to think two or three pitches ahead and get in trouble with the one I was throwing. Now I can take Boone's sign and concentrate on the area of the plate I'm throwing to."

"The most important thing is to stay with the pitcher's strength, not the batter's weakness," says Boone. That's why he had Aase throwing fastballs early last week to Larry Herndon, a good fastball hitter—Aase's hammer that day was sharper than Herndon's reactions. In a previous game against the Yankees Boone called for 10 straight changeups by Zahn. Boone even signaled for two against Lou Piniella, a notable changeup hitter. Piniella fouled out.

Morgan says Boone's calls make pitchers more versatile, explaining, "Boonie has guys throw pitches they wouldn't have in the past—say, a changeup on 2-1 or a slider on 3-1—and that gives them more confidence. Basically, that's all pitching is—confidence."

Boone is tactful about telling pitchers what not to throw. After Mike Witt got bombed while trying to use changeups in

continued



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two of three outings, Boone called exclusively for fastballs and curves. "He never said a word about the changeup," says Witt, who righted himself by adhering to the altered strategy. "I might have taken it the wrong way. Now I'm more confident about my fastball and curve instead of getting sidetracked. I guess that's why he was a psychology major at Stanford."

"Boonie can respect and disagree with you in a healthy way," says Tim McCarver, a Phillies broadcaster and ex-catcher and Boone's former teammate. "Most ballplayers aren't like that. They feel you can't like and disagree with someone. But Boonie keeps the lines of communication open. To persuade you, he'll use all his powers, including sarcasm. He undercuts that poor-little-rich-boy look of his with a biting but not offensive wit—Brutus with a smile."

In his nine years as a Phillie, Boone's most important convert was Pitcher Steve Carlton, who resisted Boone's advice until 1980. The Boonie-Lefty combination—with a major assist from Schmitz—led the Phillies to their first world championship.

"Firmness is Boonie's most outstanding trait," says McCarver. "What matters is how confidently you make a call; the conviction you have can turn things around. Even if you call the wrong pitch, your pitchers respect you so much they'll throw it with confidence."

"I view pitching and catching as less of a science than an art form," says Boone,

who moved from the infield to catcher after his first two years in the minors. "For instance, you might have a pitcher who's having trouble with his breaking ball, so you'll throw them early when he won't get hurt by one that hangs. You work up to a point where you can use them in pressure situations. But I can't explain what I do. Things happen: All of a sudden you're going with pitches you never thought you'd call for." Against Detroit, Boone had told Forsch to work Enos Cabell inside, but before one at bat, Boone noticed something—or felt something—and ordered outside breaking stuff. Cabell was hitless for the night.

Boone's uncanny instincts were surely picked up from his father, Ray, an infielder for six major league teams in 13 years, who shared the American League RBI lead in 1955 with the Tigers. Bob was nine months old when his father reached the big leagues; he's been talking baseball for as long as he's been talking.

But the elder Boone suggests his son has special gifts of his own. "Everything he's done, he's done as a leader," says Ray, now a Red Sox scout in Southern California. Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association, agrees. "I remember meeting him in spring training in 1970," says Miller. "He asked, 'Why should I join the union? What is it, and how will it help me?' He was a thinking man's rookie." And a natural candidate for National League player rep, a position he assumed several years later.

Throughout all of this, Boone is proving that catchers actually wear the tools of intelligence, not ignorance. "Boonie has a knack for catching pitches outside the strike zone without moving his glove," says Forsch. "He holds his glove on the corner, and if the ball is a little outside, he'll catch it on the webbing or let it bounce off when the bases are empty. You get a lot of extra strikes that way."

"Did Forschie tell you that?" Morgan exclaimed later in mock anger. "I'm gonna get all over him! Put that stuff at the end of the article, where the vespers will miss it."

O.K.

THE WEEK

(May 31-June 6)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST Little things mean a lot. The Padres (4-1) didn't believe this was the case in spring training when Manager Dick Williams insisted, "We'll be successful if we get the runner from second to third with none out, and if we take the extra base. Individual statistics mean nothing." Now, more than a fourth of the way through the season, many San Diego players have stats worse than their career figures, but the team is one of only two in the West above .500. One of the little things the Padres have done has been to cut down on bases on balls. Last year the staff led the majors with an average of 3.72 walks a game; now the rate is 2.86. Williams charts how his players perform in numerous categories; last week he jotted down that Sieto Lescano, who batted .368, had for the 13th time driven in a run with two outs—a tie-breaking single that led to a 5-4 victory in Pittsburgh. Juan Eschelberger held the Cubs to just one disputed infield single while beating them 3-1.

Excellent pitching also buoyed Atlanta, Cincinnati and San Francisco. Phil Niekro of the Braves (3-2) kept the Mets halting for seven innings and won 3-1. Mario Soto of the Reds (3-3) increased his major league-leading strikeout total to 102 by fanning eight Mets as he won 6-2. Dan Driesner boasted .577 and drove in nine runs. Greg Minton of the Giants (4-2) chalked up three saves and a win with 6½ innings of scoreless relief.

Houston (2-2), which has had outstanding pitching for several seasons, continued to have troubles in that department this year, especially from the bullpen. Astro relievers have a 3.95 ERA and a 3-8 record.

An 8-7 loss in Pittsburgh enraged Los Angeles Manager Tom Lasorda, but Steve Garvey and Fernando Valenzuela put him in a better mood when they led the Dodgers (3-3) past St. Louis 6-2. Lasorda batted the sharping Garvey second, and he had two singles, a home run and a steal. That eased the way for Valenzuela, who won his eighth game.

ATL 30-21 SD 28-22 LA 27-27
SF 25-30 HOU 24-29 CIN 22-30

NL EAST A pitch that hit Mario Soto of the Reds on the knee in the pants. Ron Reed admitted he deliberately plunked Soto, who hadn't walked anyone for 30 innings but who that night had drilled Mike Schmidt and Bob Dernier with pitches. During the seventh-inning brawl that followed Reed's retaliatory action, the reliever

Skill at blocking balls makes Bob a boon to pitchers.



suffered a cracked rib, and that is expected to sideline him for at least two weeks. Cincinnati's Cesar Cedeno suffered an injured shoulder. Dave Concepcion of the Reds. Soto and Reed were all ejected. Soto had been working on a one-bitter and was in front 4-0. The Phillies didn't get their second hit of the game until there were two out in the ninth. That hit set off a four-run rally. In the 15th, Dernier singled and came around on a sacrifice, a fly out and an error. Sparky Lyle, who has shed some 30 pounds since last season and is down to 200, won 5-3 in Houston. The slimmer-down Lyle singled in a run and lowered his ERA to 2.05 with three scoreless innings against the Astros.

Bob Forsch and Keith Hernandez helped keep the Cardinals (3-3) in front by teaming up to beat the Dodgers 5-2. Hernandez singled, tripled, stole a base and scored twice in support of Forsch, who ran his record to 7-1. Joaquin Andujar, who was obtained from Houston last season, blanked the Giants 1-0 and then paid tribute to Pitching Coach Hub Kittle. "He changed my windup. He changed everything. I'm a smart guy, but I had trouble using my ideas because I didn't speak that good in English."

"If you're in a rainstorm, you've got to keep driving until you see some sunshine," Manager Chuck Tanner told his Pirates (4-2) after a 5-4 loss to the Dodgers. So the Bucs kept driving and, sure enough, they found some sunshine in the form of three consecutive wins. But there was no sunshine for the Cubs (0-6).

Four hits by Ellis Valentine and three runs batted in by John Stearns propelled the Mets (2-4) past the Braves 10-4. Charlie Lea, who had a 1.43 ERA in May, and Tim Lincecum, who hit .367 for that month, gave Montreal (2-3) a 10-0 win over Houston. Lea stretched his scoreless-inning string to 26 and Wallach had two homers and four RBIs.

STA 33-21 MONT 26-23 PHIL 27-24
NY 28-25 PIT 22-28 CH 21-33

AL EAST "I don't like it when a new guy takes a ball club. It changes a lot of attitudes." That was the appraisal of Oakland Manager Billy Martin after Buck Rodgers had been fired as the Milwaukee skipper and was replaced on an interim basis by Harvey Kuenn, who was in his 11th season as a coach with the Brewers. Martin had reason to be concerned. Kuenn on Kuenn, Milwaukee (5-1) ripped off four consecutive victories, including 10-1 and 11-3 wipeouts of the A's. The second of those wins in Oakland was built around five home runs, three in a row in the seventh inning by Robin Yount, Cecil Cooper and Ben Oglivie. For Cooper, it was his fourth homer in a 476 week. A tip from a couple of bartenders didn't hurt, either. Bob McClure, who was born in

BALL PARK FIGURES

An SI poll of major league players reveals these catchers as the gabbies—and most distracting—in the game today:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Gary Carter, Montreal
2. Steve Yeager, Los Angeles
3. John Stearns, New York
4. Terry Kennedy, San Diego
5. Tony Pena, Pittsburgh

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Rick Dempsey, Baltimore
2. Carlton Fisk, Chicago
3. Mike Heath, Oakland
4. Jim Esian, Seattle
5. Ernie Whitt, Toronto

Oakland and who lives nearby, mentioned the advice he got before going the distance and striking out eight A's during the 11-3 romp. "Two of my bartender friends from Pacifica phoned and told me to throw more fastballs," McClure said. "I took their advice."

Boston (4-2) had a tough trip, but it was worth it. The players didn't get to their Anaheim hotel until the wee hours of Thursday morning because of a delayed flight, and because the bus driver who met them at the airport was an hour late and then turned what should have been a 35-minute ride into an 80-minute ordeal. The driver was going in the wrong direction until former Angel Jerry Remy coplied him down the right road. Although Remy had three hits and three RBIs the next night as Boston defeated California 11-4, it was Carl Yastrzemski who turned the team around with a 4-for-4 performance. Yaz, who had to hit the deck in the ninth to escape a head-high delivery from Angel Moreno, singled in two runs on the very next pitch to tie the score at 4-4. The Red Sox then broke loose for seven runs in the 11th.

Three one-run victories in California put Detroit (4-1) percentage points ahead of Boston in the East. The first was a 4-3 win in which the Tigers, who trailed 3-1 in the ninth with two down and no one on, scored three times on a walk and four seeing-eye hits.

Two weeks after being in seventh place and 11 games out, the Indians (5-1) were third and only 5½ back. Cleveland ran its winning streak, the team's longest since 1954, to 11 games before losing and got three home runs and seven RBIs from Andre Thornton.

For the first time ever, the Blue Jays (4-3) took a four-game series from the Yanks, winning three times. Among other troubles for New York (1-5) was an apparent single by Hal McRae of the Royals that became a two-run inside-the-park homer when it bounced past Centerfielder Dave Collins and rolled to the wall. That led to a 4-3 New York loss.

Cal Ripken's steal of home in the sixth inning helped the Orioles (3-2) build an 8-3 lead over the Rangers. But Tippy Martinez had to come in from the bullpen to get the final two outs to preserve an 8-7 win.

DET 32-18 BOS 33-19 CLE 27-24 MIL 27-24
NY 28-25 BAL 26-26 TOR 24-27

AL WEST With Chicago runners on first and third and his team leading 4-3 in the seventh, Reliever Dan Quisenberry of Kansas City (5-0) faked a pickoff throw to third, then wheeled and fired to first. Quisenberry's move caught Ron LeFlore off the bag and helped Quiz pick up his 13th save. Hal McRae batted .444 for the Royals and Amos Otis stroked his ninth game-winning hit, a single in the 11th that beat the White Sox 7-6. By drubbing New York 14-1 with 22 hits, five by Willie Aikens, K.C. moved into first place Sunday.

Despite being advised to go on the disabled list because of tendinitis in his right wrist, Rod Carew of the Angels (0-6) played on and during his last 12 games batted .477, essentially swinging with one hand. Of his 53 hits this season, 11 have been bunts. Chicago (1-5) dropped four one-run games, but ended a seven-game losing streak by knocking off Texas 2-1 behind a two-run dinger by Harold Baines. The victory went to Britt Burns, his seventh, and the save to Salome Borjas, his 12th. Texas (3-2) won two low-hit games: Charlie Hough, with last-out relief from Paul Minabella, limited Chicago to three hits and won 4-3; and Frank Tanana's four-hitter took care of Baltimore 4-1.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

TONY PENA: The Pirate catcher batted .429 and stroked three game-winning hits. He beat Los Angeles with a two-run single in the ninth, then topped Montreal 5-4 and San Diego 2-1 with last-inning hits.

"I had an exceptional fastball, and later my curve kept 'em off balance," said Mike Norris of the A's (2-3) after defeating the Red Sox 5-0. "The word around the league was that 'Norris' screwball is flat."

Jim Beattie of Seattle (2-3), who had dropped his first four decisions, hurled his second straight complete-game victory when he handed Detroit its first shutout of the season. 4-0. Minnesota (1-5) ended its club-record losing streak at 14 games by beating Baltimore 6-0. Brad Havens earned the win and Terry Felton, who struck out six and gave up only one hit in 3½ innings of relief, saved it for him.

KC 29-21 CAL 31-23 CH 29-22 SEA 26-29
OAK 25-30 TEX 17-30 MIN 13-43

HORSE RACING



The slop failed to stop Cielo as he splashed to a stunning 14½-length victory over Gato Del Sol.

Three-Year-Old of the Year. He might end up the Horse of the Year! He might even be the *Sprinter of the Year*. Before the year's over, he might win everything."

An hour earlier, Stephens had sent out Conquistador Cielo for the 114th running of the Belmont Stakes and had watched him hang 10 other colts out to dry in a smashing 14½-length victory in the last and longest of Triple Crown races. Behind Conquistador Cielo, left fairly twisting in the drizzle and wind, was the Kentucky Derby winner, Gato Del Sol, who passed tired horses in the stretch to come in second. The Preakness winner, Aloma's Ruler, no doubt asked to run once too often, was a dim bulb, finishing ninth, while the place horse in the Preakness, Linkage, who was the 2-1 Belmont favorite, was a fading fourth behind the 30-1 long shot Illuminate.

by William Nack

Of course, Woody Stephens got in the last word. He's 68 years old, has been training racehorses for 41 of those years and has been a member of the racing Hall of Fame for the last six, so he knows what he's talking about, first or last. Last Saturday afternoon, after having been second-guessed all week, the man earned his say. Stephens set down his Scotch on the rocks and, eyes flashing, held forth. His grin was wicked.

"I'm the speed, I'm in the catbird seat," Stephens said. "Last Monday he [Conquistador Cielo] went a mile in 1:33. Today he won at a mile and a half! This is the best colt in America! He might be the

Not since Secretariat's 31-length triumph in 1973 has a Belmont Stakes been won more commandingly. And with that win Conquistador Cielo made clear that he was not only the nation's best 3-year-old but also, quite probably, the best racehorse in the land. He has tremendous natural speed, and he showed himself to be a stout, tractable animal who can carry it the classic distance. A good horse? Certainly. A great horse? Perhaps. This dude can really run.

As remarkable as Cielo's performance in the Belmont was the tortuous road he took to get there. This is a colt who, just three months ago, was so sore he could barely walk. There were mornings in March when Stephens couldn't get him out of his stall.

This is the colt who, just five days be-

fore the Belmont, carried a feathery 111 pounds and fricasseed a field of older horses in the venerable Metropolitan Handicap, winning the mile race by 7¼ lengths in 1:33 flat, the fastest eight furlongs ever run on the main track at 77-year-old Belmont Park.

This is also the colt who, off his pedigree, was no more bred to want 1½ miles than he was bred to want Pia Zadora. He's a son of the impetuous Mr. Prospector, a fast horse who sires fast kids, but kids not known for going a distance.

Finally, this is the colt who, on the eve of the Belmont, lost his regular rider, Eddie Maple, when Maple suffered a broken rib in a spill at Belmont, forcing Stephens to summon Laffit Pincay Jr. from the West Coast. Pincay, by the way, was bumped from the 10 p.m. Los Angeles to New York flight, but caught a later one to Boston, where he spent part of Belmont Day at Logan Airport. In all his years as a leading jockey, Pincay had never won a Triple Crown race, and he had never been on Cielo's back until Stephens lifted his boot on Belmont Day. For Stephens himself, the Belmont was the only Triple Crown race he hadn't won.

The Cielo saga began when Henryk deKwiatkowski, a Polish-born aviation executive who lives in New York City, paid \$150,000 for the bay colt at the 1980 Saratoga yearling sale. He named him Conquistador Cielo—Sky Conqueror in Spanish—after an aviation club, Conquistadores del Cielo, of which deKwiatkowski is a member.

Cielo showed great lick as a 2-year-old. Last July he stomped a field of maidens at Belmont in his second start, winning off by eight, and in his third go he won the Saratoga Special, beating Herschel Walker and Timely Writer. In the Sanford Stakes at Saratoga, he got bumped and finished fourth, beaten by only a neck, but now Stephens found a swelling on the left foreleg, which turned out to be a small V-shaped fracture called a "saucer" fracture. "A very painful thing," says Stephens, who promptly shelved the colt.

Cielo was sore through the fall and winter, but Stephens nursed him along, knowing he had a good thing if he could

continued

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only get the colt to the races. Stephens finally did. On Feb. 16 Cielo came in fourth in his 1982 debut, and 10 days later showed the depth of his quality by beating Hostage, a good runner, over seven furlongs at Hialeah in a fast 1:22½. Stephens looked as though he had a big gun for the Flamingo Stakes. He didn't. The saucer fracture had never really healed, and it soon became so painful that Cielo could barely walk.

Stephens was stumped until Dr. William O. Reed, part owner of Timely Writer, told him of a newfangled gadget called

had great confidence in that machine." Cielo walked during the first seven days of this therapy and galloped easily the next four weeks.

"He's been all right ever since," Stephens says. In April the colt was back in serious training. The Kentucky Derby (May 1) was out, so Stephens pointed him for the Withers mile on May 8, with hopes of running him in the Preakness on May 15. "But he came up with a cough," Stephens says. "We skipped the Withers and raced in Maryland."

At Pimlico, Cielo won an allowance race by three, but Stephens passed on the Preakness. Then on May 19, Cielo towed a field of older horses at Belmont, winning by 11. "That set him up for the Metropolitan," Stephens says. "The Met set him up for the Belmont."

Still, Stephens wasn't sure. DeKwiatkowski had urged a go. The night of the Met, the owner said to Stephens, "Is there a possibility that he can run again?"

"You mean the Belmont?" Stephens asked. "Let me think about it." The trainer moved closer the next day. "Perhaps there is a possibility," he said. DeKwiatkowski wanted to run. Stephens finally agreed. It was a gamble, of course, potentially damaging to a nice young colt.

"I liked the way he came out of the Met," Stephens said. "He looked good finishing, his legs were still under him. It didn't take a lot out of him. It all depends on the kind of horse you get. He's steady. He doesn't wash out or fret."

The only thing that gave Stephens pause was the colt's pedigree. It just didn't add up to 12 furlongs. "The breeding hasn't gone that far," Stephens mused, "but you'll never know unless you try him. Right now he's as ripe as an Alabama watermelon. We'll just see if he can get the route."

DeKwiatkowski began to have reservations, too. On Friday he read an article in the *Daily Racing Form* which said, "Of course, exceptions make the rule, but a victory by Conquistador Cielo would be an inexplicable, stunning upset [of breeding theory]..." The owner felt queasy after reading it. "I told my children not to bet on the horse," he says.

The morning of the race, before leaving for the track, Lucille Stephens asked her husband, "Do you really think he'll go a mile and a half?" Stephens replied, "I know what I'm doing. Don't worry about it. He'll go two miles." By that time, of course, Maple was in the hospital

and Pincay was flying across the country. The jockey finally arrived in New York late in the morning, looking tired. Then came the rain. It fell lightly at first and then harder, and the wind gusted and the temperature dropped. It was cold and drizzling as post time neared.

"Make him relax," Stephens told Pincay. "Sit very still with him. He likes the mud. If you need to go to the whip, he'll respond."

Pincay never really needed the whip. Leaving from the far outside post, he let Cielo gather himself at the break and kept him wide to the first turn. A colt named Anemal raced to the front on the rail, taking a length lead around the clubhouse turn. Pincay kept Cielo 20 feet off the rail on the turn. "I didn't want him to see other horses and get rank," he said.

Turning into the backstretch, Pincay, a rider along for the ride, let the colt roll to the lead on his own. They raced the first half-mile in 47½ seconds, sharp time. Pincay asked for nothing. Cielo went down the backstretch in easy, rhythmic strides. Suddenly High Ascent, a 40-1 shot, moved to him along the rail, raced with him for several jumps and then appeared to take a slight lead as they headed for the turn. Pincay could feel Cielo get anxious as High Ascent came alongside.

Stephens had said Cielo could be rated. "I expect three-quarters in 1:12," he had said. The telemeter flashed the three-quarters: 1:12. Pincay didn't move. Around the far turn, Bill Shoemaker began to join the hunt on Linkage, and, as they neared the three-eighths pole, Linkage started to close in, cutting Cielo's margin to two lengths. He got no closer. High Ascent began to fade, and at once Cielo opened the lead to three. Four.

This Belmont Stakes was his but good. At a mile and a quarter he was timed in 2:03½. He turned for home and opened five lengths, six. All through the stretch, with Linkage fading and no colt making a serious run, Conquistador Cielo pulled away. Seven. Nine. Twelve. Pincay tapped him on the shoulder with the stick. He opened 14, never missing a beat, and hit the wire in 2:28½, so-so time but a smashing victory.

After more than four decades of training, Woodford Cefis Stephens had finally won his first Belmont. "This puts the icing on the cake," he said. "All those years on the racetrack. Didn't leave much doubt, did he?" None at all.



Cielo's big win left Stephens riding high.

a bi-osteogen machine. Powered by rechargeable batteries, it heals breaks by inducing bone growth through electrical impulses. Stephens tried it on Cielo. Every day, for three or four hours, the colt stood in his stall with the machine's pads tied to his left cannon bone. Every night Stephens took the machine to his home in Miami Lakes to recharge it.

His wife, Lucille, posted a sign on the front door to remind Stephens when he left in the morning to take the machine with him. The sign said, DON'T FORGET CONQUISTADOR. "Woody spent many hours with the colt," Lucille says. "He

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Pedal to the metal in Motown

Detroit's ambitious urban renewal picked up the pace with a Grand Prix

by SAM MOSES

For 15 years downtown Detroit has been trying to rid itself of the stench of smoke from the 1967 riots. Last Sunday a new method was tried. A fresh scent was sprayed over the inner city, the heady aroma of Formula 1 racing cars, sweetened by the cotton-candy odor of a festival in the center of it all. Welcome the inaugural Detroit Grand Prix, a world championship race around town, a bold and wild notion paved with good intentions, if bumpy streets. And it may have worked. Depression? Oh yeah, almost forgot. Detroit? Why that's the city where they race those incredible cars around those spectacular glass high rises.

The concept was born one night in 1970, when Henry Ford II and a philanthropist-financier named Max Fisher decided Detroit needed to be reborn. Riots, a high crime rate and streets abandoned at night weren't exactly enhancing the Motor City. A new image was needed. Ford and Fisher may not have imagined anything like a low-slung Formula 1 racer speeding away from the front door of a space-age skyscraper—the Grand Prix's eventual poster theme—but they were on the track. Detroit Renaissance, Inc., an organization whose board consists of chairmen and senior executives of 29 major Detroit corporations, was formed. A tidy \$350 million was raised from private sources, and the Renaissance Center was built in once-blighted downtown Motown. It's a business-shopping-entertainment center consisting of seven glass towers, the tallest being the 70-story Westin Hotel. The developers claim the Renaissance Center is the largest privately financed real estate project on earth. Detroit Renaissance, Inc. is the brain and the Ren Cen is the heart of the city's rebirth.

That would make the Grand Prix at

least a leg. The city has attached that much importance to the newest race on the world championship calendar. Desperate but determined, Detroit has been grabbing at its bootstraps hard and squeezing all it can out of events that bring prestige and publicity: for example the 1980 Republican National Convention and the 1982 Super Bowl—albeit 40 miles away in Pontiac. But the Grand Prix is especially significant for two reasons. It seems profoundly appropriate that the automobile capital should host a world-class motor race. And the Grand Prix is a three-year deal with a renewal option, not a one-shot, or at best a once-in-a-while shot, like the convention and the football game. Detroit means to make the Grand Prix a fixture.

Undeniably the race was to be measured more by whom it might feed than who might win it. That may have been disguised by Detroit Renaissance's admission—insistence, even—that the race was a flat-out p.r. function: Detroit showing the world it was still alive, and worth investing in. But the real bottom line, although impossible to read immediately, was never far from any Detroit-er's mind: How will the race improve the quality of life in Detroit, where unemployment currently runs about double the national rate?

And so the numbers became important. Cost to Detroit Renaissance: about \$3.5 million, all but \$800,000, like the money for the Ren Cen, privately raised. The \$800,000 was contributed by the City Council to repave the streets that made up the race circuit. Opponents of the race accurately pointed out that Grand Prix racing is an elitist sport of millionaires and that flaunting it before unemployed auto workers who could scarcely afford \$15 general admission tickets smacked of let-them-eat-cake insensitivity. But the critics seemed short-sighted. Detroit Renaissance President Robert McCabe pointed out that most of the \$3.5 million would go back into the city's economy, and that the race could mean \$4 million or more to local busi-

continued

First lap, first crash: Baldi gets out of shape while the rest of the field hangs a left.

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Watson charged from 17th to a win, and the lead in world championship points.



MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

nesses. And because Detroit Renaissance, the promoter, is a nonprofit organization, if the race should make money, the city, not private parties, would ultimately benefit. McCabe's feasibility study calculated that it would take 65,000 spectators to break even.

The Grand Prix certainly had the support of the local media. The town's two major newspapers, *The Detroit News* and *The Detroit Free Press*, missed nary a story nor angle. Their pages read as though half their staffs had been assigned to this one story; there was so much race information that the purchase of a program was a waste of three bucks. And on TV news, Friday's delayed practice-session report came before the latest from the Falklands, and even the late movies were about racing—every old, grit-teeth and wrestle-the-steering-wheel film that could be dredged up.

To be sure, Detroit might have found a more appropriate form of racing to feature. A Grand Prix did appear to be a showcase for foreign cars. And among the 25 starting drivers there was but one American, Eddie Cheever—and he was taken to Italy by his parents when he was two. He still lives there. There was one American team manager, McLaren's Tyler Alexander, who's from Massachusetts. There were no American mechanics. And not one American car.

However, Mr. Ford's interests weren't totally unrepresented: 18 of the 25 race cars used Ford-Cosworth engines. In 1965 Walter Hayes, then based in Britain and in charge of Ford Motor Company's racing efforts in Europe, went to Henry Ford II and asked for £100,000 to develop a racing engine. "What will the engine do when you're done?" asked Ford.

Replied Hayes, "Well, I hope it will win a Grand Prix, and maybe even a world championship."

"Good luck," said Ford as he signed the check.

The money went to the English firm of Cosworth Engineering, where Keith Duckworth designed a V-8. It won the first Grand Prix in which it was entered. Since then it has won 146 more (worth 11 world championships). Ferrari, with 81 Grand Prix wins is a distant second. The Cosworth constitutes one of the most remarkable achievements in racing, variants of it having won the Indianapolis 500 and the 24 hours of Le Mans.

So almost everyone had something to be positive about, if he looked. Even the drivers. The circuit turned out to be so tight that it bordered on the ridiculous, but most of them bit their tongues. "We want Detroit to happen one way or another," said Alexander. McLaren driver


Niki Lauda griped and moaned, as is his wont, but at the same time offered constructive suggestions and initiated many safety improvements during the hectic final week of preparations. Lauda's teammate, Ulsterman John Watson, was possibly the most diplomatic. Asked how he liked the place, he replied that Motown music was his favorite. Said the fast Finn, Keke Rosberg, with a stoic shrug, "It's got corners and it's got straights and it's bumpy. It's no different than any other racetrack." Cheever actually liked it. "At least the circuit has a feeling to it," he said. "Some of the places we race are so boring. They just go round and round. I really do like this circuit. I like racing between the buildings and walls and people."

Basically, most of the drivers described the course as "a joke" to one another but "interesting" for the record. Indeed, it was silly in places. It had 20 turns crammed into its 2.59-mile length, 16 of which were right angles or tighter—an extreme number even for a street circuit. Turn Five, in front of Christ Episcopal Church, was a hairpin akin to a U-turn at a stoplight; the Formula 1 cars, designed to work best in 150-mph sweeping bends, had to brake nearly to a complete stop there, the drivers throwing their steering wheels to the left in a full lock, their right elbow stuffed into the crook of their left. "I had a hard time getting my Escort rental car around it," said Alexander.

Detroit had the distinction of being not only the tightest course on record, but also the bumpiest. It seems the City Council didn't get its money's worth in the repaving. "Just look at it!" declared Alexander, pointing down the front straight. It was as ripply as the Detroit River it borders. "I mean, if I had hired a contractor to build me a level road, I wouldn't have paid for that."

The course may have been tight and bumpy to the drivers, but it was wonderful for the spectators. There were excellent views of corners and straights from well-placed grandstands. And surely the circuit had a character that only the inner city could provide. The Renaissance Center was the backdrop to nearly every turn, reflecting the sun and sky and river and even the speeding cars in its silver-green glass facades. Nearby was Hart Plaza, where spectators could take respite from the racing, with its festival atmosphere, *Close Encounters* fountain, outdoor amphitheater featuring the Teen

continued



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RALEIGH LIGHTS

Angel, smell of simmering shishkebab, chess players concentrating as cars screamed all around them and little kids wearing bobbing antennae of silver stars. No other American circuit has the same character; not Long Beach, a maze of dead ends and do-not-enters, and most certainly not Las Vegas, with its Caesars Palace parking lot course.

It was a good thing the drivers were patient with Detroit's first-time glitches. They had hoped for practice to begin Thursday morning, instead, because of safety modifications they themselves had insisted upon, they didn't get going until 4 p.m. Friday. They had one qualifying session Saturday morning. During a second one that afternoon it rained, precluding fast laps. It amounted to the shortest preparation time in memory for a Formula 1 race.

Fastest on Saturday morning was France's Alain Prost, driving a turbo-charged V-6 Renault. Prost also led in the point standings for the world championship, with victories in the first two of the six races run theretofore. The second-fastest qualifier was Andrea deCesaris, an Italian driving a V-12 Alfa Romeo, but Prost's main threats figured to come from the second row of the starting grid, where Rosberg in his Williams-Cosworth and Didier Pironi of France in a turbo Ferrari, qualified.

All things considered, it was predictable that on the first lap someone would find trouble in the Turn 5 hairpin. That someone was Arrows driver Mauro Baldi. He shot into the corner too fast and used the March of Raul Boescl of Brazil as a ski ramp, putting them both out of the race. Prost had sprinted into the lead followed by deCesaris, Rosberg and Pironi, but deCesaris' Alfa Romeo lost its shrill song on the second lap.

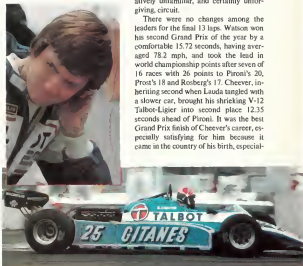
As the seventh lap began, Roberto Guerrero of Colombia tapped Riccardo Patrese—winner at Monaco in the rain this year—in Turn 1, and both cars became airborne, flying into barriers built of tires. Patrese's Brabham caught fire, but he wasn't injured. Although the fire was quickly extinguished, the red flag had already been thrown, stopping the race to permit wreckers to remove the cars. Other street circuits use cranes, or "cherry pickers" to remove disabled cars without bringing the race action to a halt.

Prost's plan had been to jump to an early lead and try to stay there, pacing himself because he knew the bumps

would prevent full-out racing for very many consecutive laps. He was driving with a badly bruised right heel, the result of a crash at Monaco, and was also worried that if he got stuck in traffic he would have to use his brakes too much and overstrain his foot. He needn't have worried about that. At the restart—one

tense passing and re-passing duel with his teammate, Lauda, just before he set out to take the lead from Rosberg. The Williams driver, now only seconds ahead, was apparently experiencing gearbox problems. Watson hauled him in on the 42nd of the race's 62 laps and never looked back, afraid to slow his pace for fear it would upset his rhythm on this relatively unfamiliar, and certainly unforgiving, circuit.

There were no changes among the leaders for the final 13 laps. Watson won his second Grand Prix of the year by a comfortable 15.72 seconds, having averaged 78.2 mph, and took the lead in world championship points after seven of 16 races with 26 points to Pironi's 20, Prost's 18 and Rosberg's 17. Cheever, inheriting second when Lauda tangled with a slower car, brought his shrieking V-12 Talbot-Ligier into second place 12.35 seconds ahead of Pironi. It was the best Grand Prix finish of Cheever's career, especially satisfying for him because it came in the country of his birth, especial-



Cheever, the only American in the race, pleased the promoters by finishing second.

hour and three minutes later—he ran off again, the singular dull roar of his Renault turbo all the more recognizable because there were no cars around him. After 13 laps Prost led Rosberg by eight seconds, with a stirring battle for third among Pironi, Cheever and Bruno Giacomelli in an Alfa.

But then Prost's fuel injection system began to filter. Rosberg quickly passed the favored Renault. As Prost dropped back, Watson continued a charge that he had begun from the 17th starting position, after a "bloody awful" qualifying session that included contact with the wall when he misjudged the space he needed to pass another car. But now he was the fastest car on the course, daringly weaving through the field. There was a

ly satisfying for the promoters because it provided them with a "hometown" hero.

Afterward, Pironi, the president of the Professional Racing Drivers' Association, was asked for an assessment. "It's quite impossible to have good organization the first time for a Grand Prix," he said. He added that the bumps would have to be smoothed, that certain runoff areas at the end of the straights would have to be lengthened and that cranes would have to be acquired to lift disabled cars off the circuit so the race wouldn't have to be stopped for breakdowns.

There were no lifts, and no buses about the crowd, which was estimated at 100,000. With that kind of interest the Motor City clearly has a future in Grand Prix racing.

END



SPECIAL REPORT

'I'M NOT WORTH A DAMN'

Cocaine ruined Don Reese's NFL career and put his life in jeopardy. The same insidious drug, he says, is messing up NFL players and games

by Don Reese with John Underwood

(continued from front cover)

... Users call cocaine "the lady." The lady has a widespread acceptance in the best of circles. However, those of us who are—or were—hooked can tell you it's no lady. And until I am cured, I consider myself hooked. Even now, talking about it makes me want it. I can feel the familiar signals going through my body, making my heart beat faster.

I am 30 years old, and desperate. A 6' 6", 280-pound desperate man who should have known better. Who *knew* better, because I was raised better. Six weeks ago I took myself out of society (and out of football, which I don't intend to play again) to a rehabilitation hospital where help was available, and I think, I *pray*, I've seen the light. But to see it, I had to see a lot more.

I had to see myself depicted in the press and on television and everywhere else as a drug dealer, even

continued



Reese admits he snorted coke in the New Orleans locker room in 1980 before games and during halftime.

SPECIAL REPORT

continued



Maurice Reese says, did cocaine on two NFL teams.

If my dealing was a silly one-shot kind of deal that was more naive than evil.

I had to see the jailhouse door slammed shut, and know I wouldn't walk free again for a year. As bad as that was, it still didn't cure me. I got worse after I was freed.

I had to see my family shy from me, the wife I doubt I could live without grow disgusted, the mother and father I love and respect grow ashamed. I had to see players I considered close friends go through the same deterioration, their lives messed up, their talent blowing away.

I saw my own fortune wasted—thousands and thousands of dollars, down the drain. I now know the embarrassment of hiding from creditors, of having checks bounce and cars repossessed. I was like a man at his own funeral as my career as a defensive lineman went from what I thought was the brink of All-Pro in 1979 to the edge of oblivion in 1981.

And I saw more. I saw the dark side of the drug world, from a frightening perspective. Twice I looked down the barrel of a loaded gun, held by men who said they would kill me if I didn't pay the debts I owed. Debts for cocaine. At this writing, I owe drug dealers \$30,000, and there's a bullet scar in my home in New Orleans because one dealer tried to scare me into paying. I couldn't pay.

I now see myself as a miserable human being, not worth a damn. I reached the point where I really wanted to die. To kill myself. One night in Miami I went into the streets looking for enough heroin to do the job. Other times I put the barrel of my own gun into my mouth, and practiced pulling the trigger.

Here's what it's like to be a big-time football player in America and screwed up: In New Orleans, where the drugs got to be so bad in 1980, I began getting blackouts in my thinking. Like climbing a ladder with rungs missing. I couldn't

hold conversations without my mind going off somewhere. I thought I was losing it. I was in a stupor much of the time. I had no conception of day and night. My little boys, Myron Paul, 7, and Philip Charles, 2, are crazy about me. Every morning they would come and jump on me in bed, playing on me like little deer. I would remember them doing that, and I wouldn't be aware of anything else until they came and jumped on me again at four in the afternoon.

I hate football. I hate the NFL. I know those feelings aren't completely rational, that I am responsible for my actions before anyone else. But I feel them just the same. I wish now I'd never made the decision to play the game beyond high school. I wish I'd never accepted a college scholarship. I wish I'd stuck to my word when I said I didn't want to play pro ball. I think I would be a better person, whole, today.

Football—the environment, not the game itself—as good as wrecked my life. I should have been smarter. I should have been stronger. I know that. But drugs dominate the game, and I got caught up in them, and before I knew it I was freebasing cocaine. And then I was a zombie.

The lady is a monster, a home wrecker and a life wrecker. In the body of a skilled athlete, she's a destroyer of talent. Right this minute she's spoiling the careers of great athletes you pay to watch on Sunday afternoon. Even the super ones like Chuck Muncie, who I think potentially is the greatest player in the game. Muncie has to be a superman to do what he does on the field and use coke the way he does off it. I single Chuck out because I love him like a brother, and if he ever got off this stuff he would be like two Jim Browns. Somebody has to shock hell out of the players of this game and scare the league. I hope I do that. I'm scared myself. Scared to death it won't happen. The NFL is heading for catastrophe. Drugs are causing it.

But even if you don't give a damn about the players, if you care about the game you have to be alarmed. What you see on the tube on Sunday afternoon is often a lie. When players are messed up, the game is messed up. The outcome of

A coke dealer threatened to pull the trigger if Reese didn't pay his bill.





Miami police busted Hecce and Dolphin teammates Crowder when they tried to make a quick score on cocaine.

games is dishonest when playing ability is impaired. You can forget about point spreads or anything else in that kind of atmosphere. All else being equal, you line up 11 guys who don't use drugs against 11 who do—and the guys who don't will win every time.

If you're a team on drugs, you'll never play up to your potential, at least not for more than a quarter or so. Then it's downhill fast. I've known times on the field when the whole stadium blacked out on me. Plays I should have made easily I couldn't make at all. I was too strung out from the cocaine. It was like playing in a dream. I didn't think anybody else was out there.

Pittsburgh has always been a clean team, and look how long the Steelers stayed on top. Miami was clean until it started winning Super Bowls, then it changed. I was there when it was changing. New Orleans lost 14 games in a row in 1980, when freebasing became a popular pastime in the NFL. New Orleans was a horror show. Players snorted coke in the locker room before games and again at halftime, and stayed up all hours of the night roaming the streets to get more stuff. I know. I was one of them. San Diego is a team that should have won the Super Bowl twice by now, as talented as it is. San Diego has a big drug problem. For a short time, I was part of it. I played my last football in San Diego in 1981.

Ask the people who are using and they'll tell you that a cocaine cloud covers the entire league. I think most coaches know this or have a good idea. Except the dumb ones. Dick Nolan must have suspected that we were on the stuff in New

Orleans, because he asked me about it a couple of times. Don Shula was too sharp to let it go by unnoticed in Miami, and we had to be extra careful around him. Don Coryell must have known in San Diego.

I have to think the owners know. Or at least have heard. I know John Mecom Jr. found out in New Orleans, because we talked about it later. He systematically broke up the Saints team during that time, and I think for that reason. I know that Mr. Mecom loved Chuck Muncie, and he got rid of him just the same.

Cocaine is a .38 at the head of every player in the game. And it's getting easier to put your finger on the trigger all the time. I had 15 different sources for cocaine in New Orleans. Dealers even had a "beeper" system in operation there, just like doctors. Ring up your friendly coke supplier, wait for the beep, leave your order and in minutes get a delivery at your front door.

I've seen dealers literally standing on the practice fields of the NFL, guys everybody knew. They're not there to make the game better. What they do, and what they know about the players, can't possibly be good for the game.

You know all this if you're a player. You might not know for sure who's really hooked, but the heavy users are easily spotted—the big heaving chests, the sweat pouring down, the nervous energy, and most of all the decline in effectiveness. You see a player coming off the field complaining about phantom injuries and you know he's probably messed up. He's coming out of the game because he needs to come off. I asked to be demoted in New Orleans in 1980. I didn't

continued

SPECIAL REPORT

continued

want to be first team anymore, considering the condition I'd let myself get into by then.

And in the privacy of locker rooms, players talk about it. And argue.

In San Diego, Fred Dean, the defensive lineman, used to yell at us. Dean was clean. He didn't even drink beer. None of the Chargers I freebassed with would do anything around Dean. But the Chargers had Dean so screwed up over his contract he was always up tight, and he'd yell at the players in the locker room: "Why don't you freebasing bastards get the hell outta here! You're killing us!" Fred got lucky. The Chargers got so tired of listening to his tirades that they traded him to the San Francisco 49ers last season. And what happened when Fred got to San Francisco? The 49ers won the Super Bowl, with Fred playing a big role—the biggest role, in fact—on the defensive line.

The reality of how contagious it has become hit me a year ago in New Orleans just before I got released by the Saints and picked up by the Chargers. The Saints had come off the misery of 1980 without much hope of anything better. My own life was a mess. I was high half the time, and wishing I was the other half. But for a while I got myself straight, and a few of us started working out, getting ready for a new start. Then this rookie running back showed up at mini-camp.

I'd never met the kid. Never even seen him play. But we were in the dressing room, and he and another dude came over to where I was standing. He said, "Hey, man. I understand you're the one can put us on to a little coke." I couldn't believe it. I said, "Get your ass away from me." He disgusted me. He hadn't played a lick in the league, and here he was talking like Captain Cocaine. Then I realized what I was looking at: me seven years before. Just as eager to screw up my life then as he was now.

Two months ago I got a letter from my mother in Prichard, Alabama. My mother is a beautiful person, in every way. Very compassionate, very perceptive. I hate myself for ever causing her a moment's pain. All this time I had thought I had kept most of my disgrace from her. I was kidding myself. In the letter, she told me exactly what I had been doing. From A to Z. And why it was wrong, from every standpoint. She begged me to see a doctor. She said if anything happened again like what happened in Miami, when I got arrested and sent to jail, it would kill her.

It was like a fist in the face. All along she had known. When I look back on all of it now and realize what it did to my family, I'm amazed they stuck by me. But if they hadn't, I'd probably be dead.

I take shelter in none of the standard excuses for being where I am. I wasn't raised in a ghetto, scratching for bread or fighting for turf. I knew no poverty or hunger. I came from a strong, loving, God-fearing family that taught the responsibilities and joys of hard work. I learned those things early. And later on, I married the best woman a man could have. That sure didn't hurt me. So Don Reese can't blame his downfall on anybody but Don Reese. My progress down the ladder of success is Horatio Alger in reverse.

There were 11 children born to Albert and Osie Dean Reese, and I was the fourth, the third of eight boys. My father was no respecter of sex. He treated us all like daughters. I wasn't allowed to go out until I was 17 or so. I didn't smoke



Drug peddlers prove the sidewalk and talk to players at some NFL practices.

or drink, either, and a marijuana cigarette was something I only heard about. Education, not pot, was pushed on all of us. Albert Jr. and my oldest sister, Gladys, both went to college. My brother Eddie played football at Grambling.

I really didn't want to go to college to play football myself. I'd have been content to stay in Prichard forever. I got a letter from Alabama asking if I'd be interested in being one of the Bear's first black players, and I certainly didn't want that. But there were a number of scholarship offers, and my father very skillfully changed my mind about playing football in college. I know how strongly he felt, because I was going to sit out one game in high school due to an injury, and when I asked him if I could use the car to take a girl, he said,

"Hell, no. If you don't play, you don't use the car." He had started a vault (grave digging) company when I was 15 or 16, and four days a week he had me up at 6 a.m. and on the road digging graves. Sometimes I'd dig four or five a day, with a pick and shovel. Sometimes the funeral procession would be coming down the road and I'd still be digging. And if the work made me bigger and stronger, it also made me realize I didn't want to do that the rest of my life, either. College football seemed like a good place to hide.

I wound up at Jackson State, a mostly black college in Mississippi, partly because I had an uncle who played there and partly because it was only 180 miles away. My father supplied me with wheels—a 1967 Chevrolet Impala SS 396, the slickest car on campus—and I became a college boy, with a diamond in one pierced ear and the hair piled high on my head, looking every bit the punk a lot of people probably thought I was. I always say I eased out of Jackson State, but that's not quite right. There was nothing easy about it. Jackson was the best of times, and the beginning of the worst.

I met my wife, Paulette, at Jackson. And I was a football hero. My play as a defensive end got me an invitation to

both the Senior Bowl and the Coaches All-American Game, and eventually got me drafted in the first round—number 26 overall—by the Dolphins.

But I was in trouble all through college. Little things, mainly. Breaking curfew, jumping the wall to visit Paulette off campus. But drugs were never a problem until the very end, and then only marginally. My junior year, I smoked my first reefer. They were plentiful on the Jackson State campus by that time, and I was curious. Paulette and I and three other couples took some rooms at a hotel in Jackson for a party, and the Greeks—the fraternity guys—brought in some

marijuana. It seemed like they always seemed to have it.

Actually, we were more into drinking then. We drank Ripple wine, or that Mogen David 20/20 everybody calls "Mad Dog" because it's 20 percent alcohol and looks like blood and can knock you on your tail. But I tried a reefer with the others at the hotel. And like everything else I try for the first time, wine included, it made me sick.

A couple weeks later I tried one again, with some players in the football dorm. This time I kind of liked it. We all got a little buzz on, and we sat around listening to music, and it was cool. I smoked it fairly often after that, usually after games at parties, and then in the off-season. But if I said I used it more than once every couple weeks, it's probably an

exaggeration. I know I never paid for it. The guys just had it, and they passed it around.

My career at Jackson State ended on Thanksgiving night of my senior season, after we had beaten Alcorn State in our last game. We were celebrating, and one of the guys sneaked a couple of majorettes into the dorm, and a group of us went up to my room to smoke some reefers. We had barely lit up when there was a banging on the door: "Reese!" It was Coach Bob Hill. "I know what's going on in there, Reese. Just pack your bags and get the hell out of here. We don't want you here anymore." I left school right away.

Then came the day Don Shula called to tell me Miami had drafted me. I was all pumped up. The Dolphins sent a scout to bring me to Miami to negotiate. We were the only two in first class out of Mobile. "You're in the big time now, baby," he said. "Order anything you like." I ordered a vodka and orange juice. Then a gin and orange juet. Then a bourbon and orange juice. I was flying high.

Joe Robbie, the owner of the Dolphins, gave me a \$45,000 bonus to sign, and a three-year contract calling for \$28,000 the first year, then \$30,000, then \$30,000 again. That's important to remember. Abner Haynes, a former player, was my agent. He took his cut off the top of the bonus, and they took some more for taxes, and I wound up with \$9,000 to buy myself a new car. That was about all I saw of my signing bonus.

Then Haynes took me back to his place in Dallas "to celebrate." If I knew then what I know now, I'd have skipped Dallas and gotten my rear end back to Prichard. But I was going to be a big shot. In a Dallas Holiday Inn, downtown, I sat in a room and watched some people take out these little brown vials of white powder, pour it on a glass, cut shares with a razor blade, and then snuff it up their noses. My first look at cocaine.

I didn't do any. I wanted to, just to try it, but I didn't. The next night they snorted again, at an apartment, with some of the other players Abner had under contract, but I passed again. I left the party early and went back to my room, still a virgin.

While I was in Dallas I got a call from Jackson State asking me to come back to the campus—the same campus I had been kicked off—to be honored. The frog had become a prince. I never got my degree, but I have pictures of me shaking hands with the governor.

I was still clean when I went to Miami's training camp. I remember how impressed I was seeing the big names of the Dolphins in the locker room—Larry Csonka and Mercury Morris and Larry Little. Little had gold all over him, and those two Super Bowl rings, and I thought, "Damn, wai!" I got me one of those suckers.

I tried coke for the first time that week, right there in a room at Biscayne College in North Miami. Lloyd Mumphord brought some to the room. Mumphord had played for Texas Southern in the same league I'd been in at Jackson, and he was a regular defensive back for the Dolphins. We divided it up, and he and I tooted it through a straw. It seemed natural enough. I heard a lot of the guys were doing it, and if they were doing it, why shouldn't I? The only regret I had was that it burned my nose. But I got a terrific tingling sensa-

continued

SPECIAL REPORT

continued

To obtain coke, Reese went to Miami's Little Havana and a dealer named Juan.

FOTO PARA
- PANAPORTE RESUMEN
- CUBA EN EL MUNDO

tion, and then a sudden and powerful need to go to the bathroom. I remember sitting there and thinking, "Dang, this is the best s— I ever had."

The next week I tried it again, a little heavier. This time I really felt it—winnnnnnngggg, opening up my nostrils and going right to my toes and back up again. From then on, I was available whenever it was available. By the time the season started, I was snorting at least once a week.

I never paid for it. Not then. I'd guess half the players on the Dolphins—whites as well as blacks—were using it in small amounts, as "recreational" doses, you could say.

After a while I realized I would have to find it on my own occasionally, so Mumford put me on to a Cuban dealer named Juan, and he was my principal source. Juan had a place in Little Havana. I'd call and he'd say, "Come on by," and I'd go get it. I only had to pay \$40 a gram at that point. The players always got it cheap, if they paid at all, which should tell you something. I didn't give it much thought one way or another. It was fun. It was "sociable." I liked it. I wanted it.

And my want grew just like a cancer. I went up to two grams and then to what people called "eighths"—

three and a half grams. An eighth is a "big snorter." Later on, tragically for me, I learned it's also a "small buser" or freebaser. You really can't freebase with less than an eighth. The going rate for that now is around \$325. But I didn't know what freebasing was then. That piece of carnal knowledge came much later.

By 1976, my third season at Miami, I was riding the crest—a starter at defensive tackle, with a lot of good publicity. My coke use was expanding, too. I had about 12 sources; some I paid, some I didn't have to. You get lulled into be-

lieving the bargain rates will last forever. And it was still a well-hidden exercise. I didn't think so at the time, but the best thing we had going for us at Miami was Don Shula. He's smart, and he's been around players too long not to see things. Everybody always had to be on their toes. That kept the lid on. Mercury Morris said Shula asked him once if he was on anything. Merc said no.

I didn't use it before games at Miami, and I don't think many Dolphins did. We sure as hell didn't use it in the locker room. If you're only snorting, you can do without coke before a game. It's after a game that you want it bad. The only real chances we took at Miami were on plane rides back from road games. The coaches always sat up front, and we'd be in the back where it was dark, with our little brown bottles that held about a gram, and we'd sit and sniff right out of the bottle. Or if we were being extra cautious, we'd slip into the bathroom and sniff it there. It's almost impossible to tell when you're doing that little, especially under circumstances where you're supposed to look strung out.

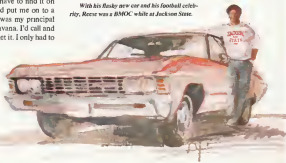
A Dolphin assistant coach would come back and see me dead in my seat, all sprawled out, and say to me, "You tired, Don?"

And I'd say, "You know it, man." What I was feeling was no pain. Coked out.

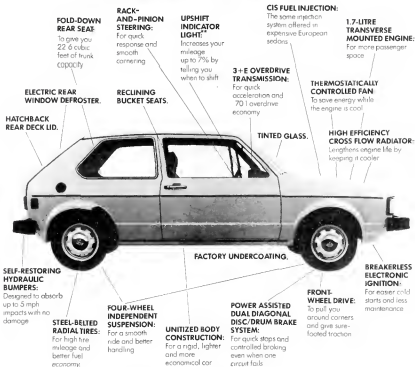
Nobody really checks like they should, of course. The league could attack the drug problem in a minute with urine

continued

With his flashy new car and his football celebrity, Reese was a BMOC while at Jackson State.



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SPECIAL REPORT

continued

tests, but they steer off that land mine because the Players Association objects so strenuously. It's crazy, really. You object to something that will prove you're doing wrong, and you get *carte blanche* to keep on doing it. In sports involving dogs and horses, they take tests all the time. And Olympic athletes have to be tested. But they don't dare test the players in the NFL. It's crazy.

After a while, I began snorting it at our home in Hialeah. I'd stay up, waiting for Paulette to put Myron Paul to bed, and then I'd take some cocaine out and toot it. One night I even got Paulette to try it, but one sniff and she said, "Unh-unh. That ain't me."

On May 4, 1977, the bubble burst. It was bizarre, and it was dumb, and when I look back I still can't believe I did it. For a lousy 500 bucks, I threw my career into the toilet.

Randy Crowder and I were never drug "dealers." The first time we tried "dealing" was the only time, and like the amateurs we were, we screwed it up every way possible. I don't think Randy would have done it at all if I hadn't talked him into it. He was a good person, a starting defensive lineman for the Dolphins, and when the "opportunity" first came up he was dead against it.

Here's what happened. One night Randy and I went down to Mercury Morris' house to play some basketball and drink some beer, and when we dropped back by Randy's place—he wasn't married then; he lived alone—an airlines stewardess named Camille Richardson called. She said she wanted to buy some coke. Camille had tooted with us before. She said she had a problem and needed to get some to sell. Randy said, "Girl, you must be crazy. No way."

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But Camille persisted. She said her mother was sick in the hospital, and the bill was running close to 5,000 bucks, and that's what she figured she could make on a coke deal, selling it "to a couple guys from Philadelphia." If we got it for her. Dumb Don Reese fell for it like a ton of bricks. The little professor in my mind said, "Hey, you can make something on this transaction without even getting involved."

I talked to a dealer the next day. He said there was a "lot of good stuff in town, at a good price." I called Randy and told him we should go along. Just pass it from one hand to the other and take a middleman's cut. He was still reluctant.

This went on for eight or nine days. Camille changed her story. She said the Philadelphia guys wanted to come in and get it that week, but now they needed a pound and they'd pay \$18,000 or \$19,000 for it. I was still willing. I figured if

we bought a pound for \$13,000, we could cover Camille's mother's expenses and still split a thousand bucks between us. Just to make the switch. Finally, everyone agreed.

It rained hard all morning on May 4, a bad omen. Randy and I drove to Camille's place in Randy's baby-blue Lincoln Continental, and the cars were flooding out all around us. We were unlucky. We got through. I should have known something was wrong immediately because Camille's apartment was practically cleaned out. I said, "Camille, you didn't tell me you were moving." She said, "Oh yeah, I have a new place."

We tooted a little on the way over to meet the "buyers" and got lost, but we finally met them at the Green Dolphin restaurant in Miamarina. After she introduced us, Camille left ... "to make a flight." Randy and I took the two guys

continued

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SPECIAL REPORT

continued

outside to the Lincoln to talk. One of them said, "We can only pay \$15,000." I said, "Man, that's not near enough." We dickered, and they agreed to pay \$18,000. I pulled out a half ounce for one of them to sample. I was watching in the rearview mirror and it looked like he faked sniffing it, but he said, "Hey, man, this is good," so I let it pass.

"You want it then?"

"We want it."

We arranged to meet at the Holiday Inn on Brickell Avenue in Miami to make the switch. But when Randy and I left to get the stuff, I began to get antsy. I told him we ought to meet at the Ramada Inn on LeJeune Road instead, I could get adjoining rooms, and we could check them out before we made the final commitment. I got my car and went to Little Havana and bought the stuff from the dealer, and when I walked into the Ramada Inn there was a call waiting for me at the desk. It was Randy. He said the Philadelphia guys wouldn't come way over there in the rain, they were "afraid they'd get lost," and for me to bring it to the Holiday Inn as originally planned. I didn't know it then, but the Ramada Inn is outside the jurisdiction of the Miami police.

By this time I was so nervous I couldn't sit still. Scared stiff, actually. I drove around the Holiday Inn six times before I went inside. I had two bags in the car with me—the bag of coke and a bag of bread. I took the bread inside. As I walked through the lobby I began getting really bad vibes. But I kept on walking and went to the room, and they were there drinking beer.

"Where you been, man?"

"It's still raining outside," I said.

*The game over, Reese would get himself strong
on cocaine on the charter flight home.*



"Where's the stuff?"

"Right here."

And I handed them the bread. If I hadn't said another word, we might never have been arrested. But I got a pang of conscience, or an attack of ignorance, or something, and I said, "Wait a minute. This isn't it. The stuff's in the car." And I went back down and got the coke.

When I walked through the door again and they checked it out, the room exploded with cops. One hit me on the head and another put a gun down my throat. Randy panicked and tried to back off the bed where he was sitting, and they jumped on him and beat hell out of him. It was a nightmare. In the wink of an eye we had turned from prominent big league athletes to common criminals.

I said, "Oh, my God, what have we done?"

One of the detectives took me into the other room and said, "O.K., Don, we'll make you a deal. You tell us which players are messing with this stuff and where you're getting it, and we'll let you go. Shula won't know, Robbie won't know." I said, "I don't know where it came from. I'd tell you, but I don't know." They tried the same thing on Randy, and then they took us to jail, to a holding cell, where the magnitude of our predicament really hit Randy. He went wild, yelling and beating on the wall. He was sick that his parents would find out. I knew it would break my mother's heart, and I thought it would probably end my marriage.

We got busted at about 7:30 p.m. We were in jail until almost 1 a.m., and then we got out on bail. When I got home, Paulette met me at the door, sobbing. It had been on the late news. We were both numb. I prayed all night that night. I

saw the sun come up. The next three months were pure hell. Our trial had been announced, and nobody would touch us. My parents were mad. Our friends were scared to come around. Joe Robbie said the only way we'd ever play for the Dolphins again was if it proved to be a case of mistaken identity. Some players asked Shula if we could still come to mini-camp, but Shula said no.

Randy stayed at our house most of the time, and we just sat there, soaking in our own sweat. Our money was running out. Two days after we got arrested, the credit company sent a couple of guys around to repossess my Continental; at the time I was a month behind on the payments. They weren't taking any chances. I don't seek sympathy when I tell all this, because I deserved what I got. But I won't pretend it was easy. Paulette had a job teaching school, and four or five days a week Randy and I got up at dawn, rented a rowboat at six dollars a day, and fished the Everglades for bass and bream. Sometimes we paddled over a mile to get to a pond. I mean we went fishing, Jack, and every-

continued



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SPECIAL REPORT

continued

thing we caught, we took home and cooked and ate.

Despite having every reason to believe we'd been set up, we pled guilty to the charge, hoping to get a light sentence. We took lie detector tests before the court of Judge Joseph Durant Jr. to make sure we'd never been involved in any other drug deals, and when we passed he got all the lawyers together and agreed to the punishment: a year in the Dade County Stockade. Light if you don't have to serve it, heavy if you do.

I had a seed with me when I went in. I put it in a flowerpot and watered it every day, and when I came out 12 months later, it was a full-grown plant and so pretty that Paulette hung it on a wall. But I came out more stunted and fouled up than ever. There were as many drugs inside the jail as out. We used marijuana freely. Coke I snorted there once; I could have had as much as I wanted, but I was wary.

The question at that point wasn't so much who Randy and I would play for, but if we would ever play again. Shula had been encouraging. He said we "should not be condemned for all time." The Miami papers didn't like that a bit. One writer jumped all over him for being such a flaming liberal. Then Robbie said we would "never play for the Dolphins again," ending the debate. Robbie tried to get the league to ban us, too, but Pete Rozelle decreed that we could play... if anybody still wanted us.

The Toronto Argonauts sent their general manager down while we were in prison to offer us contracts. Good ones, too—\$60,000 a year. But they were contingent on our getting out early to play, and Judge Durant said no. He had taken a lot of heat for going "soft" with our sentence, and when our attorneys tried to get him to cut it to nine months, he wouldn't hear of it. I didn't really blame him.

As it turned out, it probably wouldn't have mattered. Canadian immigration authorities let it be known that we wouldn't be allowed into Canada to play football.

We were released from the stockade in August of 1978, not knowing what to expect. But within eight days we had signed to play again—Randy with Tampa Bay, me with New Orleans.

Mr. Mecom made me an offer I couldn't refuse. First he said he would clear all my debts. Then he gave me a \$40,000 bonus and a \$70,000-a-year salary. Then he hugged me and said, "I don't care what's happened before, you're a Saint now, and I'm glad we have you." I really liked Mr. Mecom. He was like a little boy over the signing. I thought I'd died and gone to Heaven.

For two seasons, I did my best to repay him. I was the closest thing I could be to a changed man. I had my best year as a pro in 1979. I led the team in sacks and was named Most Valuable Player on defense. I felt I should have made the Pro Bowl. Mr. Mecom renegotiated my contract to \$150,000 a year, and gave me another bonus. My troubles, at last, seemed all behind me. Then something happened that even now I hesitate to bring up, but I know it affected me deeply. How much it screwed up my mind I'll never know.

Our second son, Philip Charles, was born right after the 1979 season, two months premature. He weighed only four pounds, 12 ounces. He contracted so many diseases at birth, the doctors said it was almost as if he didn't want to live.



Randy and Mecom regularly cooked up a freebasing storm.

Right away I felt a closeness to Philip that I'd never felt for anyone before. I sat with him 48 hours straight in the hospital, and it was so sad, watching him struggle to live. His main problem was hypospadias, a malformation of the penis. He is still far from cured. Already he has had one operation and needs another.

I felt so helpless and depressed I couldn't stand it. Here I was, always so big and healthy, and there he was, so small and sick and vulnerable. It didn't seem fair. Deep down I think I blamed myself. I thought he was being punished because of me. I know I began feeling sorry for myself again, something Paulette hates in me. She thinks self-pity is for losers, and totally unproductive, and she's probably right. In any case, for whatever reason, I was on the verge of the next fateful step down in my life.

The popularity of cocaine got a dramatic boost in early 1980. Who knows why, but everywhere you went, people were talking about it. And the big new item was freebasing: cooking a large amount of coke down to a gummy rock, "freeing up" the base, then scraping off a little at a time, putting a hot flame to it and pulling the fumes right into your lungs through a glass pipe. Freebasing is what nearly ruined Richard Pryor.

continued



... but even when he was in the stock-
ade, he was able to get his hands on drugs.

any problems, anything at all, you just give me a call."
I said O.K.

He gave me his card. I already had one.

Despite everything, we thought we were going to have a good season in 1980. But we got upset by the 49ers opening day, and then we lost again, and the rout was on. When we got to 0 and 4, I realized we needed help. The players were in the streets at night, going from house to house, getting stuff. I got out Jackson's card. I called his number in New York and his secretary said he wasn't available at the moment, "but he'll call you right back."

He never did.

And I didn't call him back, either. I was too frustrated and too discouraged. I felt like I was in the water with a bunch of drowning men. But instead of doing something positive, I did something foolish. I told Tom Pratt, the Saints' defensive line coach, that I didn't want to start anymore. I said I was hurt—my right knee was bothering me—and I didn't want the pressure as long as I couldn't contribute. He and Nolan agreed to play Tommy Hart in my place, but each week they'd only leave Hart in for about a quarter, then I'd go in.

We lost 12 straight, and right after a Monday night game with the Rams, the Saints fired Nolan. We had stunk up the joint against the Rams, losing 27-7. I especially hated that because it's embarrassing to lose on Monday night with all those people watching on television. At our next practice I blew up. Actually, blew up is an understatement.

I'd hurt my knee in the game, and I was standing on the sidelines talking to one of the writers when Pratt saw me and ordered me to "come over here." I didn't care much for his tone, and I took my time walking over. As I passed some of the other players, I made a comment—"You sorry bis-

tards," or words to that effect—and [Defensive Tackle] Derland Moore said, "You're the one who quit, not us." I knew then that they'd been looking to me for leadership, and I hadn't provided it. And I went blank.

I jumped Moore, and we fought. And when they tried to pull us apart, I fought everybody in sight. They had to gang up on me to hold me down. And when they let me up, I fought all the way to the dressing room. I was hysterical. I couldn't stop fighting. I wanted to stop, but I couldn't. I don't know what I did or who I did it to, but when we got inside I jumped Moore again. At that moment I hated him. I wanted to kill him. It was my messed-up mind doing it, because I actually liked Derland Moore.

Dick Stanfel, the interim Saints coach, suspended me for the last four games of the season. But now I knew how far gone I was. I went to Fred Williams, Mr. Mecom's righthand man. I told him a little of what was going on, mainly about my own prob-

lems. He said he would get Mr. Mecom to agree not to advance me any more of my deferred money until I was satisfied I was straightened out. He said, "Hang in there." And that's all. He didn't tell Mr. Mecom. Mr. Mecom knows now, but he didn't know then.

In June of 1981, Bum Phillips, the new Saints coach, told me they had put me on waivers. He said they were "going with younger players." My heart sank. But a few days later, he called and said San Diego had picked me up.

I was elated, to say the least. Muncie had been traded to San Diego during the 1980 season, and I knew enough about the Chargers to think there might be a Super Bowl in my future after all. I wasn't sure why they wanted me, but I had sacked Dan Fouts three times in 1979, and I figured the memory was there. But there was no Super Bowl in San Diego for Don Reese. There was no future at all. Not even a season's worth. I was about to make my final flame-out.

The only difference between the drug abuse in San Diego and the drug abuse in New Orleans was that in San Diego more and bigger names were involved, including Chuck Muncie, and the action was a lot more cautious. Chuck and I took the same flight out of New Orleans to training camp. We were picked up at the San Diego airport and taken directly to the University of California at San Diego, where the Chargers train. Before nightfall, I was freebasing again.

One of the Charger wide receivers met me at the college almost the minute we arrived. He was riding a bicycle, and we got to talking about coke and how to cook it, like housewives discussing recipes. My nerve endings began to jangle.

We were due to take the team physical the next morning, but when my mind got on freebasing, nothing else mattered. I pressed him. He said, "Let me make a few calls."

continued

SPECIAL REPORT

continued

A little later he came to our room and said, "Let's go."

I tried to get Chuck to join us, but he said no. We had gotten an eighth of coke for \$275, a good price, and we went over to a girl's room and cooked until two in the morning. When we ran out, we called somebody else and got some more, and we smoked until eight, right there on campus.

Then we went to the training room and took our physicals. And I passed. I said, "Oh man, this is ridiculous. All this crap in me, and I still pass a physical?"

I had a two-year guaranteed contract with the Chargers, for \$185,000 the first year and \$210,000 the second. But I had suffered an injury and couldn't play after the fourth game. They kept shooting it with novocaine and playing me, but I finally had to have surgery. They waived me with two games left in the season.

I went back to New Orleans and wallowed in as much pity as I could find for myself. Paulette tried to carry the load, teaching school. Our debts piled up. What little money I had I used for drugs, and what I couldn't pay for I charged. I had already run up a big debt with dealers, and one of them was of a type you don't run up debts on. I'd escaped to San Diego right after writing him two worthless \$1,000 checks. He called my wife a few times while I was on the coast, telling her she "better get in touch with Don." I finally called him back. "Can't you wait?"

"Yeah," he said, "we can wait."

When I showed up in New Orleans, he was waiting. Only instead of cutting me off, he got me to use even more, and my debt and my habit got heavier and heavier. One night he got me up in his apartment in the inner city. With five of his

guys surrounding us, he pulled out his magnum and put a pipe in front of me and made me freebase. He said, "You know you like this s—, smoke it." I said, "Hey man, I don't want it under this kind of pressure."

He said, "Smoke the s—, nigger," and jammed the gun against my neck.

He did that to me twice. Each time he added the cost of the coke to my bill. Finally he came to my house and demanded payment, and took out his gun to convince me. He was no stranger there. He had often brought stuff to me late at night, and even joined me a few times in my kitchen, cooking it up. Eventually he started coming earlier, and I had to make Paulette and the kids go in the back. By that time, Paulette was a basket case. It didn't help her frame of mind any the day when he fired a bullet, trying to scare me.

I was scared, all right. But not just of him. My whole world was coming apart. When it was either kill myself or run, I ran. With nothing but the clothes on my back, I sneaked out of New Orleans like a thief in the night. And for once I did the right thing. I checked into a hospital and finally got the help I needed. I know I wanted to be helped, and they told me that's the first big step.

I'm out now, after a stay of almost five weeks, but I don't see my life getting better quickly. I know I've got to work at it. But I want to change, to be productive, to be a good person and a good father. I want to be... O.K. I'll tell you exactly what I want to be. I want to be like my wife. With her morals, and her sense of responsibility. To Paulette, marriage meant giving herself to me and the family, in every way. She had kids just because I wanted them. I'm the one who hasn't lived up to the bargain.

Paulette's a unique individual. Very deep. She always makes the right decision, always does the right thing. I think sometimes her standards are too high, but since I know mine are too low, I'm hardly the one to judge. She told me she didn't want me back until I straightened out. It's a goal worth striving for, because I have no doubt she'll be there if I make it.

As for what is happening in the NFL with drugs, I don't see it changing until enough people who care are made aware of how bad the situation is. How destructive it is for the game. Sending comedians around to tell stories about drugs won't turn the problem around. And the Players Association loves to quibble over salary percentages and television cuts, and while it bargains for the membership, the membership is being eaten alive by a cancer. As for the owners, while they enjoy the high life, their most valuable asset—the players—is wasting away.

But I don't have any illusions. Rather than reform, what is more likely to happen is that the NFL will say I've exaggerated everything here. That you shouldn't pay attention to a guy who admits he took drugs, and dealt drugs, and did all the wrong and stupid things I've done. And it will try to discredit the diagnosis instead of curing the patient. And the players who don't deny it completely will say it's not nearly as bad as I've made it out.

But I know better. And what I've had to say is something that needed to be said.

The sad part is that it wasn't said a lot sooner.

END



His life threatened, his drug debt hitting \$30,000, Reese often contemplated suicide.

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HWY

31

EPA
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FORD ESCORT

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*Based on manufacturers reported retail deliveries through March, 1982

Seat belts save lives—Buckle up.

**According to NADA Used Car Guide, March, 1982

FORD ESCORT



First Person

by MIKE MOORE

**THIS GLOVE MADE A NAME FOR ITSELF
AND WAS RETIRED WHILE STEAL A STAR**

I found it in a rain puddle, half a world away from my hometown of Minneapolis. I was in the fourth grade and my family was spending two years on the island of Kwajalein, in the Marshall archipelago in the west central Pacific. The glove had probably been dropped by one of the Hawaiian laborers employed in U.S. military support services on his way home from a postsoftball-game beer party. It was already about five years old when it was lost, but the night in the puddle had added another five.

I fished it out, and tried it on wet. It was huge. My fingers barely reached into the finger compartments, and the webbing flopped crazily. I took the glove home and let it dry without oiling it, aging the leather several more years.

But I fell in love with the glove anyway. It was black, or had been until the rain turned it a dark gray. Everyone I knew had a standard tan signature model, but now I had an anonymous, bad-guy, down-to-business black glove.

It was so well broken in from use and abuse that it folded in half instead of maintaining a well-defined pocket. This impressed me, because I had never succeeded in breaking in a glove properly. Even though my hand was too small to control the glove, I found (through much practice with various rocks) that if I aimed it accurately, the force of an object hitting the webbing would close the pocket. I learned to capture balls rather than catch them: With an assist from my throwing hand and a quick turn of the glove I could hold my quarry.

I entered Little League baseball the next year with the old piece of leather as my only item of equipment. I did tolerably well, too, despite the sideways glances I always got from coaches because of my huge accessory and strange catching style. They never said anything, though, probably feeling sorry for my family's apparent poverty, or fearing that the glove was part of an important family tradition.

But it was never really suited to

catching baseballs, as I found when we moved back to Minnesota and I entered the hard-throwing kill-to-win world of mainland Little League ball. There you threw the ball as hard as you could every time, and if the kid who caught it winced you threw it harder the next.

The trouble was that my glove had hardly any padding left, most of it having rotted away. I became quite adept at flexing my wrist just enough to stop an incoming missile on the meaty thumb section of the glove and then trapping it in the webbing. But when this maneuver failed and I caught one in the threadbare pocket, all hell broke loose in my hand and I gritted my teeth with each subsequent catch. My coach and his two sons knew of my predicament, and, when pointed remarks failed to persuade me to abandon my old companion, they took turns throwing to me to "loosen up." I retaliated by placing a small sponge in my palm inside the glove.

A more traumatic difficulty cropped up my third year in hardball. The laces in my glove had become brittle with age, and every so often one would yield to the force of a catch, allowing the ball a free path to my face. I finally replaced the laces with new rawhide, but I never got them quite tight enough and occasionally the ball got through.

I retired from hardball before senior high, where I'm sure the coach would have banned my old friend and liability.



My arena became the less structured but certainly no less intense game of neighborhood softball. I was a runner by nature, and, although short, could chase down almost anything hit to my field. My glove responded like an old hunting dog returned to the woods, snatching up whatever it could scent.

The glove finally, belatedly, earned a nickname for itself. My good friend Greg Ingraham—"Iags," "Ilgay," or simply "Ig" to those who know him best—seized on its peculiar color and awesome jawlike capturing ability and coined the name "The Rat Trap."

The Trap gained in repute from then on. Opposing players would lay claim to it as soon as I left the field. Nobody wielded it with my time-tested prowess, but they eventually learned to surrender all voluntary control to its powers.

I played with the Trap until I was 24, 14 years after our paths crossed. And I would probably still be playing with it but for one spectacular catch. I was in centerfield in a coeducational softball league and we were up against a heavy-hitting team. I was deep and shaded a little to left when their slugger belted one so hard and high that I knew right away it was over the leftfielder's head. I sprinted out to where I thought the ball would land and was surprised to see I might have a play on it. I lengthened my strides but at the last second saw it was going past me. I took one last leaping stride and, as the ball flew past, reached up with the Trap. It caught up to the ball from behind with a downward swooping snatch and, as I came down, I drew the glove and ball in to my chest.

As I turned to trot in with my prey, I saw the slugger casually rounding third, sure he had hit a home run, which it would have been in a fenced park. His teammates were on their feet cheering wildly for him, or so he thought until he reached home and they began pointing to me carrying the ball and insisting that I had caught it. He just shook his head in disbelief.

It was such a monumental feat that I felt the Rat Trap had earned its retirement. After that game, I laid it to rest on a high shelf and bought an expensive preformed-pocket fielder's glove.

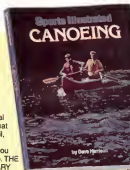
Funny thing, though. Now I've kind of lost interest in the game. **END**

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Reminiscence

by WILLIAM RYAN

THE FIRST PRIZEFIGHT HE SAW TURNED INTO A ONE-ROUND, ONE-RING CIRCUS

It wasn't exactly the fight of the century, but I can still recall all the details almost 60 years later because it was, in a way, rather special. In February 1923 I graduated from junior high school in Newark. As a graduation gift, my father had bought two tickets for a prizefight. Pop was a structural ironworker, and a member of his union, Spot Golden, had decided to come out of retirement and make a comeback. Golden was matched against Davey (Choo-Choo) Kurtz at the Metropolitan Club the following Friday night. I counted the days.

The club was in an abandoned theater and we had seats in the first row of the balcony. The ring was set up on the stage, starkly lit by the footlights and proscenium lights. The place was packed. After the last preliminary, the referee stepped into the middle of the ring and yelled, "The main event! Matching the pride of the South Side, Davey (Choo-Choo) Kurtz, at 160, with the pride of the Ironworkers Union, Spot Golden, in his first comeback fight, 162. Ten rounds."

Kurtz stepped through the ropes and began to shadowbox in his corner. In a few seconds I became aware of a furor on the other side of the ring. Golden, dressed in a black bathing suit, trunks and jersey, was standing on the stage, arguing with his seconds, who were trying to remove the jersey while Golden pushed and threw punches at them. The referee joined the argument, gesturing to Golden to take off the jersey. Golden responded with a hammer punch to the top of the referee's head. The ref staggered, grabbing the top rope to stay upright. One of the seconds literally ripped the jersey off Golden's body and, with the other second, forced him through the ropes. He stood there arguing with them, seemingly unaware of where he was and what he was doing.

"I'll be damned," Pop said. "He must be drunk!"

When the referee waved the two fighters to the center of the ring for the instructions, Golden pushed Kurtz and swung wildly at his head. The referee reprimanded Golden and pointed to his

corner, but Golden didn't move. Kurtz walked back to his own corner and the gong sounded for Round One. Kurtz approached Golden, warily circling him, and tentatively threw a few left jabs. Golden responded with two wild rights, each missing by at least a foot. Kurtz nailed Golden with a sharp right, which bloodied his nose and infuriated him. He lunged at Kurtz, grabbed him around the torso and wrestled him to the floor. Golden sat on Kurtz, pounding his face as the referee attempted to get him off. Golden's handlers rushed into the ring, pulled Golden off Kurtz and hustled him back to the corner. Kurtz retreated to his

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK FORD



corner, swearing at Golden and throwing a threatening right.

The referee then signaled the time-keeper, who struck the gong again. Golden rushed toward Kurtz, who stood his ground and connected with a left and right to the face. Golden fell to the canvas, rolled over, sat up and exchanged curses with Kurtz, ignoring the fact that the referee was counting him out. When the referee tolled "10," Golden's handlers ran to him and lifted him to his feet. After they made him understand that he had been knocked out, he really went into action.

He punched both of his seconds, took a swing at the referee as he went by and reeled after Kurtz, chasing him around the ring and throwing wild punches at his head. Finally one of his seconds tackled Golden and the other sat on him. Two

policemen quickly entered the ring and all four men pushed Golden through the ropes and carried him out.

The audience was in an uproar. There were shouts of "Fake!" "Fraud!" and "We want our money back!"

"Let's get out of here before a riot starts and somebody gets hurt," Pop said. As we walked out to the trolley, Pop said, "If that drunken bum ever gives me any lip, I'll knock his block off."

On the trolley Pop put his hand on my knee and said, "Sorry, lad, but it wasn't much of a graduation gift."

"It was funny," I said, "sort of like a Charlie Chaplin movie."

Pop thought about that for a few seconds and then said, "You're right. He was nothing but a big clown up there on that stage."

Many years later I went into Bill's Liquor/Tobacco Shop, located off the lobby in the building where I had my law office. Bill was arguing with a customer. "I told you I can't give you credit," Bill said, "I'll lose my license if I do."

"One lousy bottle of Tiger's Milk. I'll pay you tomorrow, I swear it," the customer replied in a rasping voice. His hands were extended pleadingly.

"You want me to lose my license?" Bill said. Then he spotted me and said, "This gentleman's a lawyer. Ask him." The customer turned to face me, and I recognized him instantly: Davey (Choo-Choo) Kurtz. The eyebrows were lumpy with sears, the nose was dented and slanted left and the right ear was cauliflowered. His left eye was a smoky agate. The body was erect but very thin.

"Give him the bottle," I said to Bill. "It's my treat."

Bill stared at me, unbelieving, and then took a bottle of Tiger's Milk and handed it to Kurtz, who immediately headed for the door.

"I saw you fight, Davey," I said.

He turned and faced me. "You did? Which one?"

"Spot Golden," I said.

He studied the floor for several seconds and then slowly shook his head. "I don't remember that one," he said.

"You stiffened him in the first round."

"I did? Boy, I had a good right." He made a fist with his right hand and threw a feeble punch at the air. "You see?" He shouted in a hoarse voice at Bill. "You see, I was good, you lousy cheapskate!" Then he swung open the door, stepped into the street and was gone.

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 31-June 6

Compiled by MIKE DELNAGRO

PRO BASKETBALL—With a 135-102 win in Game 5, the Philadelphia 76ers stayed alive in their best-of-seven NBA championship series with the Los Angeles Lakers. The Lakers led 3-2 (page 24)

BOWLING—TOMMY HUDSON beat Bob Handley 247-228 to win the \$95,000 Seattle Open

BOXING—LUPE PINTOR successfully defended his WBC bantamweight title with an 11th-round TKO over Seung Hoon Lee in Los Angeles

BENEVOLENT VILLAINAGE was the WBA junior lightweight championship with an 11th-round TKO of Sammy Serrano in Santiago, Chile

FENCING—Winners at the U.S. Fencing Association National Championships at Fairfax, Va., were MICHAEL MARX in men's foil, LEE SHELLEY in men's épée and PETER WESTBROOK in women's sabre. Among the winners, JANA ANGELAKIS won the foil and VINCENT BRADYOT the épée

GOLF—CRAIG STADLER fired a 13-under-par 273 to win the \$400,000 Kemper Open at Bethesda, Md., by seven strokes over Steve Ballmer

JOANNE CARNER defeated Sandra Haynie by six strokes to win a \$250,000 LPGA tournament in Mulvren, Pa. She shot a 12-under-par 276

MARTIN THOMPSON sank a three-foot putt on the 33rd hole to defeat Andrew Stubbs 4 and 3 to win the British Amateur title in Donk, England

HORSE RACING—CONQUISTADOR CIELO (510 lbs), ridden by Laffie Pincay Jr., won the \$266,200 Belmont Stakes by 14½ lengths over second-place Giant Delf. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1½ miles in 2:28½ (page 34)

EXPLODED 149 lbs. Laffie Pincay Jr., up, won the \$100,000 Hollywood Invitational by 2½ lengths over South Gold at Hollywood Park. The 5-year-old colt covered the 1½ miles on the turf in 2:25½

GOLDEN FLEECE (3 to 1, ridden by Pat Eddery, beat Teaching Wood by three lengths to win the 203rd Epsom (England) Derby. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1½ miles in 2:34.27

MOTOR SPORTS—JOHN WATSON, driving a McLaren at an average of 78.2 mph on the 2.59-mile downtown circuit, won the inaugural Detroit Grand Prix by 15.7 seconds over Eddie Cheever in a Talbot-Liger (page 38)

ROWING—CORNELL beat Princeton by 2.1 seconds to win the 88th Interstate Rowing Association varsity heavyweight eight-oared championship on New York's Lake Okauchong. The Blue Row covered the 2,000-meter course in 5:57.3

Soccer—With the NASL's Eastern Division lead on the line on a rain-soaked field at Grants Stadium, the Cosmos slipped by visiting Toronto 2-1 on Steve Hant's last-second OT goal. Earlier in the week, the Blizzard shut out San Diego 4-0, giving the Sockers their sixth straight loss. On another rain-soaked field in Tampa, the Revolution and Tampa were locked in a scoreless tie late in the second half and with the scoring goal, it seemed a 0-0 tie was a sure thing. But then, with 58 minutes gone, Ragsdale's Goosie Wilson Vancouver, attempting a cross, knocked the ball into the back of Tampa defender Don Diego. The ball ricocheted into the Tampa goal for a game-tying score. With victories over San Jose (2-1) and Jacksonville (4-2), Vancouver moved to San Diego into second place in the Western Division, seven points behind the Earthquakes. Striker Ray Haskin, finally living up to expectations since coming over from England before the '880 season, had an "on" week, scoring a pair of goals in both Whitecaps victories in the Southern Division. Fort Lauderdale remained in first place, splitting two games against Portland, losing 2-0 and winning 3-0. With his top three scorers—Brian Kulik, Bernd Hostenberg and Renato Sotgiu—all out with injuries and No. 5 scores, Tampa City-Ciscollo did it again for Penn in the WORLD CUP. Striker Coach Richard Krasitschewski complaining

TENNIS—MATS WILANDER defeated Guillermo Vilas 7-6, 7-6, 6-0, 6-4 to win the \$917,000 French Open men's title in Paris. MARTINA NAVRATILOVA won the women's title 7-6, 6-1 over Andrea Jungfer (page 14)

TRACK & FIELD—At the NCAA championships in Provo, Utah, Del Doro of U.C. LA equaled the American record of 7' 7½" in the high jump that had been set by Dwight Stones in 1976. UTEP won its fourth consecutive team title, 108-94 over runner-up Tennessee. In the women's 100-meter dash, UCLA won the team title 153-126 over Tennessee (page 20)

In Eugene, Ore., MARY DECKER TABB set a women's world record at 15:05.26 in the 5,000, surpassing the mark of 15:15.22 established by Anne Anderson in March, and MATT CENTROWITZ set an American record of 11:12.91 in the 5,000, improving Mary Laker's 1977 mark of 11:13.06

SERGEI LITVINOV set a world record of 27' 67" in the hammer throw in Moscow, surpassing Yuriy Sedykh's 1980 Olympic mark of 268' 45"

MISDEPOTS—CONVICTED By a U.S. district court in St. Louis, Cardinal Depue's aide KERRY CRISWELL, 34, on charges of conspiring to manufacture and sell methamphetamine

NAMED: An coach of the New York franchise in the new United States Football League, CHUCK FAIRBANKS, 40, after three seasons at Colorado, where his teams had a 7-25 record

As NHL coaches, At Calgary, replacing Al MacNeil, BOB JOHNSON, 51, who in 15 seasons at Wisconsin had a record of 361-75-23 and won three NCAA championships, at Hartford, replacing Larry Pleau, who will remain as the Whaler director of operations, longtime minor league coach LARRY KISH, 40

PLEADED: Guilty to a charge of attempted possession of cocaine, RONNIE FRANKLIN, 32, rider of 1979 Kentucky Derby winner Spectacular Bid, in a U.S. district court in Lexington, Ky

Guilty to a charge of assault on a University of San Francisco nursing student last December, Don All-American basketball Guard QUINN DAILEY, 21, before a San Francisco superior court judge

SENTENCED: By a U.S. district judge in L.A., boxing promoter HAROLD ROSSFELDS SMITH, 38, to a 10-year prison term for his role in a \$12.5 million embezzlement from a bank in 1978-81

To life plus 60 years by a Maryland supreme-court judge in Baltimore, ADRIAN WARD, 28, the Virginia businessman hauled by truck was convicted on April 27 of rape, assault with intent to murder and robbery with a deadly weapon

SOLD: By the Norris family to private chain owner Mike Birch, the DETROIT RED WINGS, for an estimated \$5 million

SUSPENDED: By the NHL for the first 10 games of the 1982-83 season, Boston Bruins Forward TERRY O'REILLY, 31, for hitting a referee during a Stanley Cup playoff game on April 25

DIED WILLARD ROSE, 41, a stock-car racer from Flushing, Mich., of a heart attack moments before his wife's dramatic win at a 100-mile race at the In-Car Speedway in Auburn, Mich

PONE KINGPETCH, 46, flyweight champion and world title holder, a world boxing title, of pneumonia and heart failure, in Bangkok

LOU DIMURO, 30, an American League umpire who was in his 20th season, of injuries sustained when he was struck by a car while crossing a street, in Arlington, Texas

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



JAMES LOTT
Refugee, Texas

James, a junior at Refugee High, set a state high school record of 7' 1½" in the high jump and won two other events to help the Bobcats win the Texas Class AAA track and field championship in Austin. He was an all-district defensive back



KELLY OWENS
Junction City, Ark.

Kelly, a senior right-hander at Junction City High, beat Valley Springs 15-0 on three hits for his 65th career victory, a national high school record. He also has 39 career shutouts, breaking the high school record of 29 set by David Clyde



JAKE WHITE
Brampton, Ontario

White, a Boston University sophomore, won the EAIAF track and field heptathlon championship with 5,741 points, winning all seven events. At the AAJW national indoors the won the pentathlon with a meet-record 4,285 points



CHERI KEMPF
Arcadia, Mich.

Kempf, a Missouri Western State College freshman, pitched 24 scoreless innings to win four games at the NAIA national softball tournament and lead the Lady Griffins to the title. For the season, she had 204 strikeouts and a 0.54 ERA



BIRCH DAVIDSON
Lanham, Pa.

Davidson, 63, set four U.S. age-group (60-64) records at the YMCA National Masters Swimming Championships: the 100-yard breaststroke (1:24.96), the 200 breaststroke (3:02.11), the 200 freestyle (2:17.63) and the 200 fly (3:03.88)



MARTY LAVIGNE
Monroe, Mich.

LaVigne, 18, used a ball that he had purchased secondhand for \$5 to bowl back-to-back perfect games in the Independent League at Nor't Lakes in Monroe. He's the youngest bowler to roll ABC-sanctioned consecutive 300 games



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SIXERS AND CELTICS

Sir,

As a Sixers fan, I'd like to shake the hand of
Heinz Klummeier, who took the May 31
cover picture of Dr. J in action against the
Boston Celtics. In my opinion, he caught the
greatest player in the league at his best.

SHANNON ALLEN
Crossville, Ala.

Sir:

I've been an ardent Boston fan for 15 years,
but I want to thank you for the incredible
photographs of Dr. J soaring through, over
and above my beloved Celtics. The action
shots accompanying the article *Banishing the
Green Ghosts* (May 31) are some of the best
I've ever seen.

TOM DUBENEDDETTO
Fort Collins, Colo.

Sir:

As a fan of the 76ers, it would be natural
for me to view the fans of the archrival Celtics
as an unruly, noisy, nasty bunch. However, I
watched on TV as they acknowledged the end
of their championship dream by chanting their
good-luck wishes ("Beat L.A.!") to the
76ers. It was an exhibition not only of good
sportsmanship, but also of pure class. Had the
roles been reversed, at the Spectrum, I'm cer-
tain we 76er fans wouldn't have done any-
thing like it. Real nice folks, those Celtic fans.

RICHARD J. MYERS
West Nantuxco, Pa.

DEFORD ON INDY

Sir:

Frank Deford should be canonized for the
first honest portrayal of the Indianapolis 500 I
have ever read (*Hey, Show Us Your Goose
Bumps*, May 31). As a nearly lifelong resident
of Indiana, and a former resident of "Inden-
appls," I was only too glad to come across
someone else who can see to the heart of this
madness. Thank you, thank you!

DAVID G. EDWARDS
Lafayette, Ind.

Sir:

Many thanks to SI and Frank Deford for
the brilliant, entertaining article on the Indy
500. The promoters of Indy never cease to re-
mind us that it is the biggest sporting event in
the world. However, I have little doubts that if
they could build a football stadium with a 2½-
mile circumference, you'd see crowds well in
excess of half a million. Furthermore, the
spectators would know what was going on on
the field.

Indy is the most overrated event in Ameri-
ca. It's nothing but a collection of drivers who
are non-athletes, onlookers who are non-

sports fans and noisy machines that are non-
cars. Deford makes that abundantly clear.

DON BARTON
Escalon, Calif.

Sir

A more appropriate title for Frank De-
ford's story on Indy would have been *Hey,
Show Us Your Ignorance*, because he certainly
did. I suggest Deford stay home next year
and watch Ping-Pong on TV. That's a sport he
may understand.

LEROY TURNER JR.
Wilson, N.C.

Sir

Never in all my life have I read anything
that made me want to burn this magazine as
did Frank Deford's tasteless, degrading, ridicu-
lous story on our wonderful 500-mile race. We
Hoosiers are proud of all of the activities
before, during and after the greatest spectacle
in racing. To be sure, there are those who go
and never see what the whole thing is about,
but the true racing fans know each driver by
sight, the name of his car and owner, the
speed he qualified at, the position from which
he's starting and as much as they can about
his personal life. My reply to Deford is,
"Thanks for coming, and I hope you never
come again!"

MARILYN J. WALL
Greensburg, Ind.

Sir:

Frank Deford would probably find a pit in
his cherry pie.

DEAN MERRELL
Casa Grande, Ariz.

MARTINA

Sir

What a terrific story on Martina Navra-
tilova (*Mervyn She Rolls Along*, May 24) by
Sarah Pileggi! The life of this young lady
seems to be so sad, so unreal—the loss of a
normal childhood, not knowing about her
brother, the loss of her father and the substi-
tution of a strong stepfather, those gosh-awful
young muscles, the lonely ups and downs of
tournaments, the temacious self-doubt, appar-
ently being deprived of that irreplaceable and
exhilarating thing called romance, the instabil-
ity to share success with her family, the de-
pressing search for security in all those homes
she bought.

I've watched Martina a hundred times, and
invariably thought of her as pensive, moody,
arrogant, self-pitying—a cold fish who was
fabulously talented but unable to cope with
the inevitable shocks of bad luck.

It must have been a temptation for Pileggi
to gush and weep for this gifted gal, but I

continued



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1974 HOLE continued

think she kept it all in steady balance. Next time I see Martina, I'm sure I'll understand her better and appreciate her more.

RALPH ZEUTHEN
New York City

Sir,

Tracy may have the form and Chris may have the temperament, but Martina has the guts to be the world's foremost player over the course of time. A truly fantastic article!

KELLY KUPLEY
Cincinnati

MIKE SCHMIDT'S ADMIRERS

Sir:

I've been an avid baseball fan for 10 years or so and have followed Mike Schmidt from his rookie season. I commend Ron Fimrite on a superb article (*An Image in Sharper Focus*, May 31). He captured the style of Schmidt. In these times when many athletes are not the kind youngsters can really look up to, it's refreshing to see a quality athlete with the values and sincerity of Schmidt. He said he doesn't look at himself as a hero, but those who do couldn't find anyone more deserving.

DOUG WIGGS
Audubon, Iowa

Sir:

When Mike Schmidt was a student at Ohio University, I had the privilege of serving as president of that school. One of the great rewards of being a teacher or an academic administrator is to watch fine young people continue to mature and contribute to the happiness of other people. Mike was outstanding at Ohio. My respect and admiration for him have grown over the years.

VERNON R. ALDEN
Brookline, Mass.

METRIC MIX-UP

Sir,


This letter is a rebuttal to the statements concerning Lufkin tape measures found in the article on the TAC indoor championships (*A Meeting of the Brilliant and the Bizarre*, March 8).

The notion that Lufkin tapes are difficult to read or interpret is negated by their widespread use at international sporting events, including the Olympic and Commonwealth Games. Since 1869, Lufkin measuring tools have developed a reputation for quality of workmanship and accuracy.


A more plausible explanation for any erroneous reading of the tape is the official's unfamiliarity with the metric system of measurement.

ROBERT T. MARLEVSKY
Director of Merchandising
The Cooper Group
Raleigh, N.C.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

A man with curly hair, wearing a dark polo shirt and light-colored pants, is captured in a dynamic pose as if hitting a tennis ball. He is holding a tennis racket high with his right arm, and a tennis ball is visible near the racket's head. The background is a blurred outdoor setting, possibly a tennis court.

Would good friends
really go at it this hard
just for a beer?

A bottle of Michelob Light beer and a large mug filled with the same beer. Both the bottle and the mug feature the Michelob Light logo, which includes a red ribbon graphic. The beer has a thick head of foam.

Well, consider...
they're playing for Michelob Light,
a rich, smooth taste you can compare
to any beer you like.

Michelob Light.

Taste Marvel!

Latest research confirms MERIT delivers the taste of cigarettes having up to twice the tar.

Many low tar cigarettes make taste promises. But only 'Enriched Flavor' MERIT offers *proof*, not promises. Proof through extensive smoker taste tests.

MERIT Taste Does It.

In impartial tests where brand identity was concealed, the overwhelming majority of smokers reported MERIT taste equal to—or better

than—leading higher tar brands. Even brands with up to twice the tar.

Moreover, when tar levels were revealed, 2 out of 3 chose the MERIT combination of low tar and good taste.

Year after year, in study after study, MERIT remains unbeaten. The proven taste alternative to higher tar smoking—is MERIT.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Kings: 7 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Ment: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec '81

MERIT
Kings & 100's